

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

A PASSAGE WITH "THE VETERAN QUARTERLY."

A CIRCULAR, recently issued by the publishers of the North American Review, somewhat earnestly insists upon the claims of this "veteran" periodical to the favor of the public, in "having done its part in representing the taste, science and literature of the country, for a period of nearly thirty years." It is certainly matter of surprise that it should become necessary for a periodical, situated in the very heart of a region equally rich and populous, to send forth a paper which dwells, in language of doubtful delicacy, upon its claims to public favor, in order to obtain it;—particularly, too, when you shall not meet a man in the whole country who is not willing to attest the perfect fidelity of this work to a people equally ambitious of ascendancy and needing a champion. That the "North American Review" has worked religiously for New England, her sons, her institutions, her claims of every sort, there is no manner of question. Whatever doubts we may entertain of the *American* character of this periodical, of its catholic tendency, and its equal regard to the claims of the nation, as a whole, we can have none, and none have ever been felt or expressed, of its perfect devotedness to the region from which it more immediately issues. None can deny the exclusive and jealous vigilance with which it insists upon the pretensions of Massachusetts Bay—the merits of its policy, the wisdom of its statesmen, the superior excellence of its genius generally—of its works of art, its works of imagination, its historians, its poets, its romancers. The very humblest of these is not suffered to escape recognition and laud, and it is a daily surprise to other parts of the world, to perceive with how little effort of their own, the Birds of the Charles, and other contiguous waters—rare birds indeed—are lifted into the perfect purity and size of the Swan, with only a little pleasant puffing from the plumes of the "North American." With a gift like this, it is certainly matter of wonder to us all, that such a circular as the one before us, should need to pass beyond the single province of the Re-

view itself. Why, the poets alone, and the essayists, the writers of pilgrim-orations, the tractarians and sermonizers, the makers of national school books and Parley books—all of whom have been glorified in its pages—should alone be sufficiently numerous, as we take for granted they are sufficiently grateful, to prevent a necessity so humiliating to themselves and their organ. It has certainly done its duty—and, perhaps, something more than its duty—by all this class of persons; and there must be something wrong in the system by which it works, if, after all, it is compelled to look abroad, to regions for whose cash alone it seems to care, for the miserable support which is necessary to its prolonged existence. Had it but as religiously performed its duty by the whole broad country, the name of which it modestly appropriates to itself—had it regarded the nation, east and west, north and south, with an equal eye to its glory, progress and advancement—we cannot think that its condition would be so greatly straightened now. That it has not done so, is one of those unpleasant convictions in the public mind, to which, without too great a stretch of inference, we may ascribe the pregnant necessity which has led to the issue of the present circular. With a little perversion of the text of Shakspeare, the mournful speech of Wolsey to Cromwell, in the day of his decline, would admirably suit the editor of the North American.—

"Oh! Otis, Otis,—"

Had I but served my *country* with the zeal
I served my *state*, it would not in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

The Publishers proceed:—"The tone of the work has become SOMEWHAT BOLDER of late—and some ENERGETIC ESSAYS on general politics have appeared in it." This is certainly a very extraordinary assurance, and should be productive of very general satisfaction among its readers. We must not now be startled at any thing that may appear in these pages, for there is to be an infusion of new blood into the old veins: not that we are to suppose, (for how could this be, in the veteran service of this Journal for nearly thirty years, in representing the taste, science, and literature of the country—under such men, too, as Channing, and Everett, and Sparks, and Palfrey,) that it ever was deficient in the necessary courage and energy of a periodical. But, as "veteran journals," like veteran soldiers, are apt to lapse into feebleness with years, it is thought advisable to show, that such cannot be the case with our "North American," which draws from a perennial fountain, and can exhibit, whenever the thing is necessary, quite as much of the proper fluid, the genuine red blood, as will suffice, not only for all periodical, but all mortal purposes. To the good old names of Channing, the Everetts, Bancroft and Sparks, Story, Wheaton and Prescott, there succeed others, of whom, as worthy to

* The publishers are "Otis, Broaders & Co."—the proper persons for the editor to speak to on such an occasion. Messrs. Broaders & Co., must be understood here, and must not complain of the omission of their names, seeing that the verse makes it unavoidable. They must remember,

"Kings are not more imperative than rhymes."

wear the mantles which these have cast aside, we have liberal assurance—though we hear, for the first time, of some of the persons named. There are, for example, "Mr. Peabody, of Springfield, and his brother of Boston." Peabody is a good name enough, particularly in an agricultural country, though it reminds us irresistibly of one of the personages in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—and we catch ourselves quoting from Nicholas Bottom, at a rate which scarcely seems appropriate in dealing with a reviewer.—"I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother; and to master Peascod, your father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire of you more acquaintance." We shall certainly hope to know more of the Peabody's, both of Boston and Springfield. And there is "Mr. Sabine, of Eastport." We should be more satisfied of his catholic tendencies were he written down, "Mr. Eastport, of Sabine," but "Sessa—let it pass!" Here is the very curse of this review. It is New England only and all over—nothing but New England. Of all the contributors enumerated by the editor, in his laudable desire to attract subscribers to his list from all the States of the American confederacy, he mentions but one name—that of Mr. Wm. B. Read, of Philadelphia—which is not absolutely and entirely New England. There is not a single New-Yorker, not a Virginian, not a Marylander, not a Carolinian, Kentuckian, or Tennessean in the catalogue. This is surely a strange way to bait for subscribers in other States, and betrays, quite as strongly as any thing can do, the miserable selfishness of that policy, so notorious of New England, which, even when its object is to find favor abroad, overlooks the most obvious method of doing so, in the slavish blindness of its early training. Surely, it is not pretended that good men and true—able writers, profound and elegant thinkers—are not to be found in all that stretch of country which has the Atlantic for its base, from Long Island to the western limits of Georgia. But no! this "*North American Review*" is a neat contrivance for teaching North America by means of New England. It is to embody and spread abroad the tastes and the fashions, the philosophies and the bigotries, of a trim little group, squat, complacent, that sits, unquestioning and utterly unquestioned, in all the suavity of assumed authority, within the colossal shadow of the Bunker Monument. Undoubtedly, these are all either able or clever men—correct writers generally, knowing and circumspect—not so remarkable for the profundity of their philosophy, as for their familiarity with the received modes of thinking, and the pleasant graces of expressions. Their writers are usually fastidious gentlemen, rather more solicitous of style than of more important matters, and apt to write so very like one another, that it will be somewhat difficult for one, not accustomed to note the various degrees in which they severally exhibit their energies, to detect the difference between them. They will give you, most generally, a well written article, which will show you the absolute position of the question—where it was in the time of Noah, what changes were effected by the policy of Solomon, how, and by whose hands it came down to us, and where it is at the present moment in New England. But, unhappily, they will try to keep it in

this position, till the flood of events sweeps over it, and them, rooting up their neat little landmarks, accurately cut and chiselled, to drift away upon the broad waste of ocean, for the curiosity and edification of each future Columbus of philosophy. This tenacity of position, in their mental concerns, being the fruit of certain inherent qualities of their blood, and a certain regimen of which they make much, and which they call conservatism. Of this conservatism we shall know more hereafter.

The elder names of this review are not now its contributors to any extent. They have served out their time, and are now on furlough. Most of them have survived the period when the amateur feels the impulse to authorship. Mr. Justice Story is chiefly devoted to his professional duties; Prescott and Bancroft, to writings which yield them far more fame and profit; Edward Everett is in Europe, with enough on his hands, in making speeches at Agricultural dinners, and attending royal levees; Alexander Everett is in charge of a department of the Democratic Review, writing occasionally for other journals; Sparks is busy at his historical mill, turning out biographies of Washington, Franklin, and others, to the tune of twenty volumes each; and—but why go through the list? These are among the best of them. We forbear the names of those who do contribute, for obvious reasons. They are commonly clever young men, who, in process of time, will do credit to their exemplars and predecessors. If we have any one fault to find with them and the writers of their school generally, it is in that want of courage, and that timidity of heart, which is apt to characterize and constitute those who insist upon their conservatism. They are a people who suffer their tastes to get the better of their energies—who, in their solicitude to be nice, sometimes cease to be manly—who delight in neat little prettinesses of style and manner, who will pick you out the delicate passages of the poem, those which are marked by quaint figure, or neatly turned period, and, in due degree as they are delighted with these, will revolt at the rude expression, the coarse, or clumsy phrase—the slightest inelegancy making them heedless of the just claims of the work—its massy strength, its admirable outlines, its daring height, its superiority in all the substantial respects, of noble conception and bold, enduring scheme.

But, talking of boldness reminds us of our mutton. We must not forget that "the *tone* of the North American has become *somewhat bolder* of late, and some *energetic essays* on general politics have appeared in it." It is true that these have escaped us—the fault no doubt being entirely our own. We could wish that they had been designated. "I am the bold Thunder," would be a very good index to an article of this class. The old conservative readers might not be so well pleased to stumble on such unadvisedly. They would like to have a little warning—not to be taken unprepared. One would prefer bracing himself up for the struggle when it does come. It is lamentable to think now that we should have gone over these "energetic essays," these "somewhat bolder" performances, without once suspecting it. The obtuseness is scarcely less great than that of the

Frenchman in the play, who never suspected himself of prose until it was too late. Can it be that the paper which undertook recently to show to the British, by certain astute criticisms upon John Milton and others, that their literature was not worth a button—was of this novel description? There was certainly something very startling in that article. It did surprise us. The idea was new—that of showing to John Bull, that he too was made of penetrable stuff—that soft places might also be found in his cranium—and, taking up, for this delicate and adroit exposure, the skulls of certain impudent pretenders such as Milton, and Shakspeare, and Edmund Spenser. A more ingenious mode of carrying the war into Africa—showing our British revilers the danger of a pitched battle—a regular ripping to the buff with our "veteran journal"—has not often been conceived before. It is true, we were somewhat doubtful how to take this article. Serious as a joke, we were yet loth to think it serious. We considered it rather funny than energetic—but energy assumes so many phases; and then again, the fun itself was decidedly latent. Jonathan does not often laugh. He has a smirk, and that he covers with his sleeve. There may have been a smirk in this article—doubtless there was—but the "energy" all lay in the sleeve which covered it. We should certainly look back to this production if we dared. Let him who can contain himself, in spite of his impulses, do so, and report. We certainly should relish greatly the detection of that energy and boldness which has come to our veteran journal late in life, through this new infusion. One thing is certain—it must be as grateful, as it is novel, to our American bards, who have been flayed, and scalped, and otherwise tortured by British criticism, to have it shown that, after all, British poetry itself is no such great shakes—that all their geniuses about whom they make such eternal pother, have their flaws;—and that, in this respect at least, they are no better off than the poorest devils of verse-mongers in Yankee-land. If we could only fancy that John Bull tore his hair in pain and fury as he read this article of our "veteran" brother, it might be easy enough to conceive what we please of the self felicitation of our domestic bardlings. Truly they need, and deserve, just some such champion as this!

But there is something more to be said in regard to this new, energetic, and somewhat bolder tone of our "veteran periodical." Scarcely has this startling assurance been given us, when the publishers, like the Fear personified by Collins—

"Back recoil, *they* knew not why
Even at the sounds *themselves* had made"—

As if there were something quite too alarming in this new found energy, they hastily add—"though questions belonging merely to the parties and sects of the day are still carefully avoided. The *conservative tone* of the Review has been *strengthened*, and it has waged war upon some of the destructive radicalisms of the day—~~it~~ *with considerable vigor and effect.*" That last member of the sentence might have been better spared to the utterance of an enemy. What are we to think of these assurances from the lips of our "veteran"

himself. Here we have it under seal—our Journal has become vigorous and effective at last, and though it dodges all the questions which are used by sects and parties, it yet wages war upon the destructive radicalisms of the day—as if any radicalism can be destructive unless upheld and maintained by sect or party. But alas! all this increase of energy, is only meant to *strengthen* its *conservatism*—as a patient upon whom the simple laudanum fails of effect, finally thickens his daily nostrum with the crude opium. The energy of conservatism is itself something new, in politics at least, and such a novelty as will never much tend to diminish the merriment of radicalism, whenever the parties are fairly confronted. How a nation, in action—a nation such as ours—all action—must laugh at this sort of balderdash!

"The editors have endeavored to impart to it a national character—to make it a means of fostering American literature, science and art, and of explaining and defending American institutions. It is so considered abroad."

It is very possible that the editors do persuade themselves that the work has been thus catholic in its sympathies, for it has been very much the habit, in the region whence it issues, to speak of New England as the nation. Mr. Webster, only recently, in one of his crack discourses, declared the battle of Bunker's Hill to have been the American Revolution!—the beginning and consummation of that great event which made us a nation! *That* was all the patriotism—that was all the fighting—the rest was nothing, but

"Leather and prunella;"—

and this is the complacent mode of thought and speech throughout his neighborhood. The New Englander knows no nation but New England, whenever he talks about America;—the great deeds and doings are certainly his—it was his patriots that begot the movement—his orators that preached it—his solders that fought the battles. It is only when there is something discreditable—some great swindling, or murder—to be accounted for and excused—and then he discovers that New England must not be confounded with the South and West; nay, must not have its skirts soiled even with Manhaddanism. It turns up its nose at its next door neighbor with an aristocratic swagger that is perfectly delightful, in the case of our "poor pilgrims leaving all for conscience sake." The error is an easy one, therefore, which insists that the "North American Review"—which has been all its life devoted to a delighted showing up of what is good and precious in New England only—puffing its small poets and its small statesmen, its small orators, and smaller sermon makers, with most hearty bellows—not to speak of that small sect which it most favors—for, even in New England, there is a more sacred circle to be found within the circle of its special charity—has been in reality doing the duty of a national organ, seeking the honor and elevation of its country, in every section of this wide-spread land, insisting upon the excellence, however remotely it may be found, and holding it up to the knowledge of our own and other nations. This miserable partiality has been so manifest, in spite of all its studious

efforts to avoid the appearance, that nobody out of New England, entertains the smallest doubt upon the subject; and, even within that favored region, many will be found, liberal and intelligent, frankly to make the admission and to lament the fact. Let any one curious upon the subject, turn to its numerous issues, and he will find that, with the exception of those notices which are yielded to foreign publications, the rest of its criticisms are almost wholly confined to works issued from New England presses—sermons, grammars, orations—things of a day—which scarcely deserved mention in the quarterly list of new publications. When this rigid selfishness was departed from, it was only when public opinion had made the forbearance to notice a matter of notoriety and discredit—when, to be silent longer, would wholly expose the miserable selfishness of the system upon which it acted—and bring merited reproach and shame upon the breadth and brass of face which still ventured to insist upon its impartiality. Writers, south of the Potomac, seldom met with notice, and then in a style of rudeness, and spirit of misrepresentation, which betrayed the malicious sectionalism of temper which prevailed, to its exposure, even in its own despite. The reader will not have forgotten, for example, the mingled insolence and injustice of the article on Judge Johnson's "Sketches of the Life of Greene," in which a few errors of style, and some inadvertencies and misstatements of the author—which no body ever ventured to suppose were wilful—were grossly exaggerated, and maliciously enlarged upon; while the real merits of the work, the new and valuable additions to the history of that period, the manly and searching analysis, the picturesque flow, and descriptive force of the narrative, were wholly unnoticed and unappreciated by the reviewer. The work, undoubtedly, had its defects—was occasionally vicious in style, and not always correct in its conclusions, but the talents of the author, his virtues and high standing, merited from the critic a very different tone; while the substantial merits of the work, in many respects, to say nothing of the large contribution which it made to the materials and the interest of American history, from original sources—required that its inaccuracies and defects should have been treated as matters wholly subordinate, and not be held up to the exclusion of all other subjects of consideration. We do not know that the middle States have fared very much better than those of the South, in the treatment which they have received at the hands of this journal. Their favorite writers are not employed upon its pages, and their publications are noticed slowly and with evident reluctance. When reviewed, it is very certain that the New England critic employs in the case of the New-Yorker, a very different and less indulgent standard of judgment than that which regulates his criticism when one of his own writers is under analysis. Procrustes was not more inexorable in the use of his bedstead when the limbs of the stranger were to be adjusted—while, in the case of the native, his excesses are gently intimated, and what he has good about him—whatever is simply correct and inoffensive proves the occasion for as much delighted cackling as is made by an old hen, suddenly put in possession of a nest egg which she never

laid herself. It is granted that the tastes are decidedly more rigorous in and about Boston than in most parts of America. But it is because of these very tastes that a Boston critic will be very apt to do injustice to the writers who offend them. A very fastidious person judges almost entirely by his tastes. Mere polish satisfies him, and the absence of it offends him, to the prejudice and disparagement of his subject. The influence of such critics is unfavorable to the production of works of original merit. Any extreme regard to the minor considerations of style, is apt to fetter genius and to impair the force and freedom of its conceptions. The imaginative writer, with the terrors of a carping critic before him, will achieve nothing—he will attempt none of those daring outlawries of the mind, which secure the highest and longest reputation, but which, as certainly, offend the nice critic by constant departures from those inflexible standards which he has educed simply from the performances of preceding writers. The consequence is that, while one country and period will give you the best criticism, perhaps—another will give you the work itself which shall employ criticism for a thousand years to come. The eager spirit of performance goes ahead, nor troubles itself much about its finish. Thus it was with Shakspeare, for whom, we are persuaded to think, it was the most fortunate thing in the world that there was no criticism in his day, other than that of human beings, of all degrees in society, who came to be pleased and not to analyse the propriety of the feeling which worked within their hearts. Thus it is, that, with all the finish and polish of Boston—in spite of the phrase upon which the New Englander so much insists, when he speaks of that city—"the Athens of America," is immeasurably behind New-York in the measure and value of its literary productions. It is from New-York, with all its deficiencies of taste, its rough-and-tumble enthusiasm—blundering constantly against the proprieties—provoking constantly the sneer of our polished gentlemen down east—that we have the greatest amount of literary performance. Here we have Cooper and Irving; and Bryant and Halleck; and Hoffman and Willis; and Paulding and Herbert—and many more, who will give us, and who have given us, works, with which your Fadladeens, no doubt, will make sad havoc with thumb and fore finger, but which said works will be read, and read with delight, long after the critic by whom they were made mince-meat of, will be famishing upon his circulars. We would not disparage the correct taste, and a just appreciation of that finer finish, which leaves nothing to desire in the performance; but, it so happens, that we are seldom permitted to see this excellence and finish associated with works of greatest originality of conception. It is with one class of writers to strike out boldly, in great characters, exhibiting strong, masterly outlines, and a grand, and audacious imagination; it is for another to expend itself upon minute objects, to occupy but little space with its fabrics, and to delineate with exquisite accuracy those details, which the more excursive genius, aiming rather at the spacious and the imposing, must of necessity avoid, and will possibly disdain. An illustration for the difference between these two, may be found in a scene in one of Scott's

stories of the East, where the *strength* of Cœur de Lion is opposed to the *slight of hand* of Saladin—the one crushing the iron bar with his mace, the other cutting through the pillow of silk with his scymitar. Each is admirable in his way, and no comparison can be made between them. It would be as idle for the critic to expect the nice elaborate finish of the one writer, with the wondrous strength of the other; as to expect from the tremendous muscle of Cœur de Lion's arm, the adroit use of the sword of Saladin, by which the steel is rather insinuated than stricken through the silk. Where the thoughts are numerous, where the mind is crowded with "thick-coming fancies," the utterance of the writer will be heavy as the mace of Richard—the weapon will be lifted awkwardly and as awkwardly let down; but it will fall with crushing force which nothing can withstand; and we shall admire its power, even to a forgetfulness of the awkwardness by which it was accompanied. It is because of his unwillingness to see the strength with the awkwardness, that our critic so frequently finds himself unsustained by public opinion. He is surprised to find the world speaking a different language from himself. Every old woman praises, and listens—the young hang delighted over the narrative—which, because of its mere rudenesses, he has delivered up to oblivion. But, instead of oblivion, the crude production passes on to fame? "Why is this," he asks and wonders. Simply, because, though faulty in many respects—in taste, in style, in finish—it is yet true to nature and humanity, and nature and humanity forgive many things to what is true, precisely as we receive an honest man to our friendship in spite of imperfect education and unpolished manners. The standards of judgment maintained by the North American Review, are of the sort to mislead it in this very wise. It looks to the polish rather than the material—to the finish rather than the conception—and will dwell more earnestly upon the clumsiness of the phrase, than upon the great truth which it envelopes. Indeed, it will not see the truth at all, heedful only of the form of utterance. In this respect it does wrong to the country, where, from the deficient forest education of millions, we must expect inferior, unpolished tastes, and, in just the same degree, have a right to look for bold and noble thoughts, great conceptions, and a fresh and vigorous imagination.

We might dwell much longer upon the parochial character of this Review, satisfied as we are that what has been the case from the beginning will continue to be the case, even to the end of the chapter. A more conclusive assurance to this effect could not be given than that furnished by the publishers themselves, in the list of contributors named in the circular. To these, as writers, we have no sort of objection, and will not dispute the assertion that "no periodical in the country can furnish a more reputable list." But our objection lies more deeply. It is that these are all—that these speak only for a section—and that no pains have been taken to secure leading writers in every section of the Union, by which the rights, the reputation, and the interests of each, might properly be associated, in a vehicle claiming to represent the national mind abroad, and to give it succour and encouragement at home. Until this is done, it

will be as vain for us to hope for justice to any but the region to which the contributors are all sworn, as it will be for the editors to seek for sympathy and patronage from any other. A decent sense of sectional desert and independence, will render the one thing quite as impossible, as it would appear that the other is destined to be.

The political, or strictly national, course of the "North American Review," has been scarcely of a more just and generous character. It has always too evidently leaned to the side of power—prompted to this course, we may suppose, by what is indulgently styled its conservatism. Its defences of the country against the unjust, illiberal and disparaging assaults of foreign journals, were rather elegant and spirited, than marked by great power and controversial excellence; and we are constrained to think, were prompted entirely by the fact that, New England was an inevitable portion of the United States, and thus partook of the opprobrium of the assault upon them. But for this, we might never have had a single word on the subject. As it was, its modes of discussing the questions were not calculated for any other meridian than that of New England. Pennsylvania and Mississippi might be assailed to all eternity, and Virginia and Carolina, without provoking a word from this organ in their cause; and had the British Reviewers made less sweeping work of this matter in their assaults—had they specially excepted from their censure, the pure, meek descendants of the pilgrims, while smiting hip and thigh among the other States—you would never have found our "veteran periodical" putting on its armor, to wage war against the enemy, "with considerable vigor and effect."

As for its serving the national cause, and representing the national character, we venture to assert, with confidence, that the sectional and selfish partiality which it has always maintained,—asserting the one region to the wholesale and scornful neglect of all others,—was, in point of fact, calculated to do the national reputation more injury, by an indirect process, than all the abuse of all the British Quarterlies. Such a course naturally tended to produce the belief,—if, as the Circular boasts, and we fear truly,—that the rest of the country was a mere barren,—a wilderness,—unpregnant, unbearing,—destitute of moral of every sort,—wanting in character and manners, and totally deficient in all the shows, whether of art, or literature, or intellect. To take up the pages of the North-American Review, quarter after quarter, and see nothing but proofs of New-England, and this, too, in a work professing to speak for the whole nation, would, to those not in the secret,—to the uninquiring and uninterested,—establish this fact, if it failed in every other. And yet, we should like to see the article, in all its pages, which ever attempted to confer upon the Review, or succeeded in doing so, as asserted by the Circular,—“a national character, or to make it a means of fostering American Literature.” National themes might be attempted, and were,—but the treatment of them was just so far national as comported with the position of New-England on the subject. In treating the question of our policy in regard to the Indians, for example, while a certain portion of its views accorded with the national policy,—the government policy, we should

say, for the subject is still unsettled among the people,—there was yet a certain portion which the nation could scarcely sanction. That their removal from immediate contact with the superior race, was necessary for the peace and safety of both, we are all pretty much agreed, but that the ultimate and even speedy extinction of the race should be considered with such exemplary calmness as that journal exhibits, is scarcely becoming in any people, not already saturated to the core in the blood of the aborigines. But this may be considered good New-England doctrine, remembering, as we do, the summary processes by which, in that region, in a very early day, the pious pilgrims put them to the sword. They would revolt at the cruelty of any attempt to preserve them by the process *misnamed* slavery,—the only process,—but would justify the more sanguinary mode by which this obstacle to civilization was finally removed. The paper to which we refer is ascribed to Governor Cass,—a New-England man,—who thinks rightly on many points in connection with the subject, but, in this particular, is quite too puritan for our tastes. There were processes by which the unhappy aborigines might have been caught, and tamed, and saved; but the day has passed when these might be tried with profit, or tried at all; and, we suppose, it is only philosophy to regard their fate with the speculative eye of the analyst, taking care to exclude from the consideration whatever feelings of humanity may have survived our various exercises in Indian warfare.

The substantial particular in which this Review might have been equally national and useful to the country,—much more so, indeed, than by vainly attempting to combat the assaults and refute the calumnies of foreign journals,—is, in the countenance, the encouragement, and the assistance, which it might have shown to the immature genius of the country, struggling to give proper utterance to its crude conceptions,—struggling here and there, in the cities and the forest, under the thousand discouragements and disadvantages which every where, in the great interior, beset the footsteps of the infant intellect. But we have not seen, in the pages of this journal, a single instance where it has shown the slightest solicitude in behalf of any young writer,—always assuming that he is not a sprout of New-England,—detecting his genius through its rags, and seeking, by gentle reproof and benignant counsel, to train it in the way it should go, in the pursuit of its high calling. We see no young beginner taken by the hand, his course and models suggested, and patient efforts made to give the true direction to his vague and imperfect conceptions. Where is the youth, whose first attempts have signified the possessions of his mind, upon whom, at first, this journal has bestowed any of that notice which brings encouragement? If one of these can be indicated, who has afterwards arrived at excellence and fame, we shall make such admissions in the case of this "veteran periodical," as we have not been prepared to make before. And this is no improper test for a journal that boasts of its being the organ of the nation for thirty years. How can that critic claim to have fostered the native literature, who cannot, in a single instance, point to the verification of his own predictions,—who cannot point to some one individual whom he has

designated in the first blush of authorship, and urged with kind suggestion and just counsel, to the attainment of an honorable eminence. Such should be no unreasonable requisition in the case of a veteran periodical like this; and one instance of this sort, honestly proven, would be of more avail in adding to the subscription list, than ten thousand self-complacent assurances of merit, embodied in a begging Circular.

It is with regret that we are compelled to admit, as claimed by the Circular before us, that the "North-American Review" is regarded abroad, to a certain degree, as the proper exponent of our institutions and mind. This is due to various causes, which it will only be necessary to glance at here. The homogeneous character of the New-England people, growing into a clannishness which makes them stick together like shrimps, confers upon them, in all speculations, the force of numbers, and gives an impulse to the enterprise which they second, though it originates with an individual mind, which make its progress well-nigh irresistible. They act by masses always, and not by individuals. Hence the fact, that the North-American Review,—their organ,—devoted to their interests,—contributing, at every quarterly issue, to the intense self-esteem of the community, and jealously excluding all others from consideration, as "outer barbarians,"—is able to boast of a prolonged existence of thirty years, when it is seldom that any periodical, in any other part of the United States, can be found to have survived more than a third part of that term. They have concentrated their support upon this work,—have withheld patronage from all others out of their immediate borders,—and have thus conferred upon it all the authority of a permanent organ of the country. No such exclusiveness seems to distinguish the people of any other part of the Union. This Review (the North-American) has, until very lately, been taken in large numbers by the people of the South, while it is a fact, speaking volumes, that the "Southern Review," edited by Hugh S. Legaré, and Stephen Elliott, and numbering among its regular contributors some of the noblest statesmen and most ripe scholars of the Union, did not circulate more than twenty-five copies North of New-York. The reputation of the "Southern Review" is proverbial. Its great merits, making it second to none in the country, and superior to most, have never been denied, even when the opinion was extorted from the most hostile and bigoted of opponents. Yet was this work left to languish, depending exclusively upon the support of the Southern people, at the very time when the citizens of the South were pouring out their thousands into the laps of Northern publishers, in the maintenance of periodicals which were mainly devoted to the selfish business of upholding the interests and pride of the one single section at the expense of all the rest. The evil results were three-fold. The native mind, South and West, was disparaged,—a constant stimulus was given to the mind of New-England,—and the character of her thinking was insensibly impressed upon the rest of the country. Nor must it be a reproach to the South and West, that they suffered their literature to be thus provided to their hands, by a people differing in many respects in character, and having but few

sympathies with their customs and institutions. This result seems to have been almost inevitable from their pursuits. Devoted to agriculture, and covering sparsely an immense extent of country, the popular mind was necessarily deficient in activity, in consequence of the absence of that daily attrition of mind with mind, which favors the cause of literature in commercial and densely-settled communities. While the crowded farmers and merchants of New-England work together in masses, the Southern planter is always an individual. A high sense of personal independence, on his part, makes him reluctant to serve in the ranks; and thus it is that the South is never found cordially to co-operate in any measures, social or political, under the plea that the object requires combination. Let us illustrate by a single instance. In the Northern cities, three hundred individuals subscribe, *per capita*, to feed and lionize Mr. Charles Dickens. In the South, the course would have been to have divided the time of the lion, between the houses of as many private gentlemen. No such display could have been made in the one region as the other, and, possibly, this fact alone might have reconciled a visiter of any sensibility to the inferiority of the reception. The same individuality tends also to the general inappreciation of native endeavour. We are slow to throw up our caps for one another, lest there be a king over us in Israel. These several characteristics have their mutual advantages and evils. Much is achieved by combination at the North, which it could be well for the South if we could bring about by any means. Public works, for example, flourish in the one region, and are apt to perish in the other. Large appropriations, from a common fund, raise noble fabrics, permanent bridges, capacious and famous turnpikes. With us, we have no common fund for any such purposes, or it is supplied with a very niggardly hand. But, in the absence of these advantages, we have no mobs such as in Philadelphia and Boston, where they burn convents, fire cities, scare innocent women, and murder simple artisans,—the consequence of a constant appeal to men to surrender their individuality and act in masses. Wanting this combined action, we have a personal responsibility, which is never given up to the keeping of numbers. This individuality, which leads to frequent rencounters and duels, bloody feuds and fights, is yet sufficient to save us from the murder of women, which never takes place in the South, and is a frequent thing in the North. But to bring the parallel still more closely to bear,—while the aggregate sectionality of the one region prompts them to concentrate their support upon the one periodical, making it permanent, and thus, by the very means of its permanence, conferring character upon it,—the people of the other are indifferent to the matter altogether:—satisfied, each man, with his individual supply of mental food, he gives himself no concern to ask whence it comes, and thus leaves it to strangers, who are sometimes hostile to his institutions, and at best only indifferent supporters,—to furnish the means of knowledge and of opinion to his neighbours and his children. It is one of the evil results of a purely agricultural state, that it lacks most of those means of moral strength which are desirable for combination.

The social world of New-England, and her institutions, are distin-

guished by characteristics of greater strength and permanence than most others of the Union. The New-Englander goes abroad upon a thousand adventures,—covers all lands and seas with his enterprise, *but leaves his women at home, and most usually returns to them.* It is to this fact, in a great degree, that he preserves the homogeneousness of the family; and to this practice he owes much more of character than is altogether apparent to himself. But it does not concern us in this place to examine into the causes of his moral and stability. It is enough that the effect is necessarily in his favor, both at home and abroad. It invites confidence, and promotes reliance; and to the credit which he thus acquires, the pertinacity of his claims as speaking for the whole country, his jealous maintenance of the organ that asserts his own people only, and the long life which, by this exclusive support, he thus confers upon that organ,—we ascribe the fact that he has tacitly come to represent a country, which he only in part resembles. But, so far from justly representing the character and mind of the United States, the North-American Review does not even correctly represent those of New-England. The New-England moral, like that of our people generally, is one of great and ambitious eagerness, full of energy and enthusiasm, and, if not spiced with the same degree of reckless and impatient spirit, as marks the Southern or the Western man, is noways deficient in a certain degree of impetuosity, which, under great excitement, puts on the look of wilfulness and fierceness. The tone is more consistent in New-England than elsewhere, but the popular mind equally insists on progress, and disdains that quality in politics which goes by the somewhat lackadaisical name of conservatism. Not that it is not conservative. *It adheres to what it is, but not to what it has done.* It clings to itself, to New-Englandism only, and knows no nation beside. But it is to New England in the advance, always ambitious, always on the march for acquisition. It is still the old Puritan nature,—a singular compound of courage and caution, of eager enthusiasm and dogged tenacity. How can such a people be represented by such an organ as the "North-American Review,"—an organ, which, by reason of its own constitution, can never do justice to the more earnest, the more progressive and commanding attributes of the popular character. Its staid formalities of demeanor, its nice proprieties, its quiet complacency, its utter lack of warmth and heartiness, the uniformity and monotony of its tone, to say nothing of the peculiar sect in religion which is supposed to predominate among its contributors,—these are all antagonist qualities to those which distinguish the nation, and the Yankee character as a part of it. These are the distinguishing features of a coterie, and are very unlike the rude vivacity, the unhesitating forwardness, the frank manhood, the persevering courage, the eager inquisitiveness, and the generous impulse, which are the leading marks of the Anglo-American. The "North-American Review" may be admitted to represent what has been reached in the scholarship of the country, but not the peculiar traits of American genius. It represents only what is trim, and *petite*, and precise among us,—our greater polish, perhaps,—our finish, and the absolute height of our scholarship,—though this latter admission

frequently denied But it scarcely speaks for the genuine nature of will be denied by many a scholar of the country, as we have heard it the nation,—for its heart and for its strength—for its courage and imagination, for its noble works, its great enterprise, and the true grandeur of its character, shown in its honest impulse and progressive achievements.

But we tire of our theme. That the North-American Review did not meet the wants of the country, and was very far from representing its capacities and character, we know from many sources and circumstances, apart from such as flow from inevitable causes, which it is scarcely necessary to enumerate. It was because of this conviction that the American Quarterly Review was established by Mr. Walsh in Philadelphia; the Southern Review by Stephen Elliott in South-Carolina; the New-York Review by Hawks & Henry, in New-York; and had these several communities been as clannish as New-England, these reviews would have been as permanent, and, we think, much more prosperous, than our "veteran periodical." In some respects—of style and manner—inferior to the North-American, they were yet, in others, much more intrinsically important, vastly its superior. They were governed, in the first place, by a more catholic spirit; were more considerate of our own literature,—though still faulty in this essential,—and asserted the just claims of French letters, in regard to which the North-American had proved itself equally ignorant and unjust. But why dilate. Enough to counsel the worthy proprietors of this "veteran journal," while they have certain improvements in progress, to attempt others, of far more importance, without which their self-complacent Circulars will avail them very little. Let our worthy and venerable brother,—whose real merits are such as to make us desirous that his faults and vices should be amended,—determine to do justice to the broad and covering title which he has assumed,—forget the immediate publishing city whence his journal issues, and the small cliques which buzz around his courtly tables,—and open his eyes to the true facts and the real nature of the great country of which he is the self-appointed organ. This done, and the claim, which he now urges, to the national patronage, will be somewhat better founded, than he now, rather too complacently, imagines it to be. M.

FOR AN INFANT'S GRAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Not here where we laid her, the blossom,
 So precious to cherish, so lovely to see,—
 Not here do we seek her, the dear one;—
 Father, O! Father, we seek her with Thee.

MAY IN THE SOUTH.

BEST of the Season's children, thou hast come,
 Sweet May, from out thy ever-budding home,
 Whilst flow'rs of song and odors round thee play;
 Thy cheek, intelligent with native bloom,
 Thy dewy eyes still brightening with a ray,
 Which, like the blest bird-sweetness of thy voice,
 Makes the roused heart rejoice.

Vestal, that swayest with a pure desire,
 Thine is the guardian watch o'er Nature's fire,—
 Couch'd in thy sacred cell, thou bafflest all,
 Winter and Time, that unto thee aspire,
 Striving to quench thy torch, and work thy fall;—
 Thou dost not, frightened, with their stormy shout,
 Let the pure flame go out.

Thy bud-compelling wand within thy hand,
 Nymph with the golden hair, I see thee stand,
 And with a touch and smile awak'ning earth,
 Which, straightway, loosen'd from each icy band,
 Brings forth her various children at a birth;—
 And these, with tribute meet unto thy powers,
 Do garland thee with flowers.

DELTA.

LITERATURE IN ANCIENT ROME.

A FORMER paper in this Magazine was devoted to the consideration of Literature at Rome anterior to the Scipios; the present will resume the subject and consider its subsequent history. The former hinted of it while it was indigenous and might be called national, this will examine it when it was chiefly imitative and exotic.

The era of the Scipios witnessed the commencement of the Hellenization of the Roman world. Greek fashions, Greek manners, Greek airs, Greek architecture, Greek affectations were then rendered fashionable at Rome. A long career of prosperity had rendered the nobles haughty in the exercise of their power, luxurious in their habits, and fastidious in their tastes. Their recent acquaintance with Greece and the arts of Greece had introduced them to a new world of elegant civilization with which they were previously unacquainted, and with their peculiar facility of adapting whatever seemed admirable in other nations, they labored zealously to transplant to Rome, what they had learnt to reverence in Greece. Thus in the days of the Scipios the Greek literature was made familiar to Roman ears; in the polished circles of themselves and their friends the Greek poets, orators, historians, and philosophers were the topics of daily conversation, and the subjects of daily praise. The more cultivated Romans made them-

selves familiar with the language and letters of Greece, by the diligent perusal of its master-pieces, and by frequent intercourse with the illustrious Greeks who were tempted to Rome from the desire of witnessing its greatness and glory, or called there to attend to the public interests of their own country. These strangers were easily induced by the hope of fame or the expectation of reward, to deliver public lectures on the philosophy of their native country, while other causes allured Grecian artists, or made Italy a desirable residence for the learned men of Greece. Thus Cameades, who had come on an embassy to Rome, publicly expounded the philosophic tenets of his sect; and Polybius whom the dying struggles of the Achæan League had expatriated, had become the bosom friend of Scipio—his companion in the field as in his literary retirement—and the familiar acquaintance of the most distinguished Romans of that day. Thus that class which held in its hands the patronage of Literature and the Fine Arts, became deeply imbued with a taste for Grecian excellence and eager for its cultivation: and the natural consequence was that the imitation of the Greeks became the principal aim of all who pretended to refinement at Rome. Had the admiration of the Greeks and the study of Greek Literature been pursued merely as a graceful accomplishment, and as the means of refining the coarse and rude taste of the Romans, all would have been praise-worthy and well. But it was carried much further than this. The Greek language usurped the place of the Latin to a very considerable extent: the lettered portion of the community spoke Greek, wrote Greek, and thought in Greek: they despised or affected to despise their own masculine but unpolished language: no attention was paid to its cultivation or to the developement of its capacities; and it was reserved for Cicero to display the real treasures of the Latin tongue. So far, indeed, was the preference of the Greek carried, that the early histories of Rome, even by Romans, such as that of Fabius Pictor, were composed in Greek, and even the familiar correspondence of friends was carried on in Greek. One of the first writers who trusted his compositions to the vernacular was the elder Cato, that sturdy assessor of all that characterized the Roman against the political innovations of the people and the literary innovations of the nobles. He had been the main instrument in causing the expulsion of Cameades from the City, as guilty of corrupting the youth by the inculcation of the Greek language and philosophy, yet even Cato yielded to the fashionable fever of the day, and in extreme old age bent his gray hairs over Greek books. Whatever may have been thought of it, either at the time or since, Cato was not so far wrong in his opposition to Greek Literature, and may possibly have been a far seeing prophet; for through its general introduction the Roman Literature was degraded into a mere growth of imitation, and the old national genius completely overwhelmed beneath the exotic vegetation which was cultivated in its stead. The result proved the wisdom of Cato's policy, if not of his measures.

The educated Romans being thus rendered familiar with the Greek Literature forgot or neglected their own. They used the Greek lan-

guage in their compositions, and chiefly in their studies, for as they devoted themselves principally to the cultivation of Greek philosophy, they deemed it proper to employ themselves in their prosecution of it in the same tongue which the philosophers had used. But the results of even this exotic literature, the fastidious and haughty nobles reserved for themselves. They thought it a degradation to their functions as statesmen and soldiers, to their position as patricians, and to their importance as patrons to give to the public the fruits of their studious hours. Even so late as the civil wars, Sallust and Cicero think it necessary to apologize for such an application of their time, and labor with heart-felt earnestness to defend themselves against anticipated charges for devoting themselves to the composition of works for the public. The necessary consequence of this was, that the cultivation of letters for the sake of the applause that might be earned by their works was neglected by those who ought to have taken the lead in this laudable task, and might possibly have breathed a national spirit even into a literature of imitation, and was thrown into the hands of those who were in no wise likely to infuse such a feeling into it. No one can, therefore, be surprised if, under all these circumstances, the earliest cultivators of the new Literature should have been slaves. Plautus and Terence were both of this class: and though the taste and genius of Scipio and Lælius were supposed to have been exercised in the composition or the polishing of the comedies of the later dramatist, they disdained to publish them in their own names, and never claimed any share of the honours which they merited and obtained. Of the other authors who earned distinction at Rome previous to the reign of Tiberius, only two or three were natives of the City—Ennius, the true father of Latin poetry, was an Italian Greek from Magna Græcia, Lucilius, the founder of Latin satire from one of the Italian States, and the great historians, Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus, strangers in their birth to Rome. The last of these was, indeed, long subsequent to the period designated, but the same peculiarity marked even the later periods of her history, though perhaps in a less degree, and the principal writers then came from Spain or France, and even from remoter parts. Indeed, in the best periods of Roman Literature, Caesar and Lucretius are nearly the only writers of any very great celebrity who could claim the Eternal City as their birth place, and of the latter it is doubtful.

Hence, we perceive that not only was Literature at Rome completely Hellenized, but its cultivation was thrown into the hands of slaves and strangers, who could not be expected, and certainly were not competent to infuse a truly national spirit into it. There was, accordingly, no true Roman Literature, but only an imitation more or less successful, of the Greek. To so great an extent, indeed, was this carried, that the subjects, the plans, the very language of the Greeks were translated into the Latin. The plots of Plautus and of Terence were borrowed directly from the Greek, and so unskillfully was this done, that two or three plays of Menander or other Attic comedians, are sometimes massed together to furnish forth one meal for a Roman audience. How far they availed themselves of expres-

sions or sentiments, we are unable to tell, for the originals after which they copied have all been lost, and but a few scanty fragments remain to illustrate the Attic Comedy which they professed to imitate. That they were not very successful in their delineations may be inferred from the accusation brought against Terrence, the more accurate of the two, that he travestied Greek remedies, to remedy which defect he visited Greece, and died on his return, from grief for the loss of his manuscripts, which had perished by shipwreck.

The Tragic poetry of the Romans, barren as was their Tragic Muse, was in like manner a direct but very feeble imitation of the Attic. The subjects of the celebrated Tragedies of Ovid and Varius were drawn from the fables of Greek mythology. The same thing was true of the elder Seneca—and if we may take the plays of the later dramatist as any specimen of those of his predecessors, we have it in our power to contrast the stiffness, the imbecility, and the lifelessness of Roman Tragedy, with the freedom, nerve, and graceful freshness of its splendid architype.

We have said that we are without the means of determining whether the dramatists of Rome were indebted to those of Greece for distinct locations, and for elegantly expressed sentiments. But we may perhaps fairly judge of them by the practice of her distinguished poets in other departments. We know from history, and possibly even from his own confession how largely Lucretius was indebted for the argument and language of his splendid didactic poem on the Nature of Things, to the works of Empedocles, and the other Greek writers. His description of the plague in the close of the sixth book, is only a versification of the inimitable account given in the second book of Thucydides, of that which made gloomy at Athens the second year of the Peloponnesian War. Virgil every where borrows from the Greeks—in his *Bucolics* from the *Idyes* of Theocritus—in his *Georgics* from the poems of Hesiod, Aratus, etc.—and there is scarcely a brilliant passage in the *Æneid* which is not a transcript from the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. Catullus is indebted for the beauty of his Muse to the Greek Lyrists—though here we cannot follow him, for the works of all have been lost either wholly or in part—but his ode to Lesbia is merely a translation from the exquisite ode of Sappho on a similar subject, so well rendered by Ambrose Phillips:—

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly turns to thee," etc.

The plagiarisms of Horace, if we may use so harsh a term, are innumerable. Anthon has made a long list which comprises many, though far from all of them; and it is to be remembered that in his case, as in that of Catullus, we are unable to trace them to any great extent; from the same cause in both instances. But we need not proceed to multiply examples, and to strip more unmercifully the choir of Roman bards of their borrowed plumage. Enough has been exhibited for our purpose of showing how completely Roman Literature was a slavish copy of the Greek. And this will signify much to any one who is competent, from long familiarity to contrast the

genius of the one with the other, and to give due weight to the repeated declarations of Cicero and Lucretius.

But another effect upon Literature of the Hellenization of Rome remains to be noticed. The mythology of Greece was introduced along with its language—and from the days of the Scipios, that is to say, in all the writings of Roman authors that have been preserved to us, the celestial choir of the Grecian Olympus dance through the verses which should have been devoted to the honor of the old Roman divinities. Picus, and Faunus, and the ancient Saturn do occasionally re-appear in the pages of Virgil, but Saturn is converted into the Greek Chronus, and the other two make no greater figure than the Grecian Satyrs, while they are invested with similar attributes. But a people which has lost its religion has lost its nationality, and we could not hope to find in the Literature of Rome any national spirit when it had forsworn its fealty to its liege deities.

The name of one Latin poet is recorded who vainly attempted to stem the tide of innovation, both literary and political, but he fell a victim to the enmity which he provoked. The unfortunate Navius is an honorable exception amongst a tribe of alms-fed authors. He refused the Greek measures, and adhered to the old Saturnian metre of Latium, in which the old ballad poems of the City are supposed to have been written. His satirical invectives aroused the indignation of the noble Metelli, who were zealously engaged in the work of undermining the intellect and the constitution of Rome, he was seized and thrown into prison, without law, as Niebuhr surmises, but the great German was for once sleeping when he wrote thus, and had forgotten both his Horace and his Montesquieu.

With the Hellenization of the Literature of Rome commenced also the Hellenization of its language. We have already seen how exclusively Greek was at one period cultivated at Rome, and how much the Latin was neglected. When it was again cultivated, principally, it may be presumed, through the instrumentality of the orators, and first among these by the Gracchi, its inflections, its form, its syntax, and its spirit were all accommodated to the Greek. The rapid change of the Latin language from its earlier state to that in which the classic works were written, has often been noticed, and may be perceived from comparing the inscriptions on the Duillian monument, or on the tomb of Scipio Barbatus, or the hymn of the *Fratres Arvales*, or the *senatus-consultum* against the Bacchanalians with the language of Cicero, Lucretius, or Catullus. The change is remarkable, and under a natural progress of events would be unaccountable. It received a wholly artificial culture, and was made to bend to the Hellenizing spirit of the age. It may be doubtful whether the alteration introduced by the adoption of an exotic literature, was ever rendered altogether popular, or made familiar to the mass of the people, and thus some confirmation might be adduced for the supposition mentioned in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, by Leonard of Arezzo, and lately sustained by Micali, that the Latin, such as we have it, was never the ordinary medium of communication at Rome. But we will leave

this subject, referring those who are anxious to enter more minutely into the subject, to the essay of Morhofius on the Patavinity of Livy.

We have thus seen that under the Roman Republic, Literature was always despised and neglected—that the old national literature, or the scanty elements of it were destroyed—that the Latin classics are the spurious offspring of Greece—that they drew their origin, their form, their life-blood from that source—and that there was no vitality, no nationality in them. Hence we may learn to esteem even more highly the Literature of Greece, which, original and intensely national in itself, was able to produce by its inspiration and influence such a Literature as the Roman in its decline. While we should not underrate the Latin, we should place the Greek infinitely above it in our thoughts and in our studies.

THE DESOLATE.

And thou hast lost dominion's throne,
 And realms of gentle eyes,
 That bowed before thy glance alone,
 Now all thy power despise;
 Shame paints her blush upon thy cheek,
 Grief wears thy bloom away;
 Ah! me, could silent features speak,
 What would thy pale lips say!

II.

What precious thoughts of that sweet time,
 When pleasure all thine own,
 Brought, as her gifts, each flower of prime,
 That youth has ever known;
 Her sweet domestic fireside smile,
 Her hopes, that, as they rise,
 Of all, that looks like cloud, beguile,
 From out life's summer skies.

III.

I do remember every look
 Thou worest in thy youth,
 And how each sweet expression took
 The morning bloom of truth;
 Thy smile was not the vulgar smile,
 Thy voice was like a bird's,
 No tone was false, no thought was guile,
 In thy remembered words.

IV.

How could we think that time should dare
 Take such dominion on,
 And bid thy face one feature wear,
 Thy life had never won;

What license had he to replace,
 With grief's dread, passive glance,
 That glowing life, that eager grace,
 Thy youth's inheritance!

V.

Yet let me doubt, if I may doubt,
 The glance that tells so much of wo;
 Tell me thou hast the pain, without
 The speechless guilt that made it so;
 Whisper conviction in a look,
 Such look as in thy better days,
 Had made thy face a holy book,
 To bless and satisfy the gaze.

VI.

I hear them speak in doubtful tone—
 I would not aught believe,
 Unmeet to join with name of one,
 My heart must ever grieve;—
 They tell me not of thoughtlessness,
 And when they breathe the name,
 That in my soul, once came to bless,
 They turn away in shame.

VII.

Speak to me—if they wrong thee, speak!
 And they shall right thee well!
 But say not what would shame thy cheek,
 And crush my heart to tell:
 Thou art as in thy childhood's years,
 With none but girlish wiles—
 Save that thou'st found the trick of tears,
 In losing that of smiles.

OAKATIBBE;

OR THE CHOCTAW SAMPSON.

II.

OUR conference was interrupted by the appearance of the laborers, Indians and Negroes, who now began to come in, bringing with them the cotton which they had severally gathered during the day. This was accumulated in the court yard, before the dwelling; each Indian, man or woman, standing beside the bag or basket which contained the proofs of his industry. You may readily suppose, that after the dialogue and discussion which is partially reported above, I felt no little interest in observing the proceedings. The parties present were quite numerous. I put the negroes out of the question,

though they were still to be seen, lingering in the back ground, grinning spectators of the scene. The number of Indians, men and women, who had *that day* been engaged in picking, was thirty-nine. Of these, twenty-six were females; three, only, might be accounted men, and ten were boys—none over sixteen. Of the females the number of elderly and young women was nearly equal. Of the men, one was very old and infirm; a second of middle age, and appeared to be something of an idiot; while the third, whom I regarded for this reason with more consideration and interest than all the party beside, was one of the most noble specimens of physical manhood that my eyes had ever beheld. He was fully six feet three inches in height, slender but muscular in the extreme. He possessed a clear, upright, open, generous cast of countenance, as utterly unlike that sullen, suspicious expression of the ordinary Indian face, as you can possibly imagine. Good nature and good sense were the predominant characteristics of his features, and—which is quite as unusual with Indians when in the presence of strangers—he laughed and jested with all the merry, unrestrainable vivacity of a youth of Anglo-Saxon breed. How was it that so noble a specimen of manhood consented to herd with the women and the weak of his tribe, in descending to the mean labours which the warriors were accustomed to despise?

"He must either be a fellow of great sense, or he must be a coward. He is degraded."

Such was my conclusion. The answer of Col. H * * * *, was immediate.

"He is a fellow of good sense, and very far from being a coward. He is one of the best Choctaws that I know."

"A man, then, to be a leader of his people. It is a singular proof of good sense and great mental flexibility, to find an Indian who is courageous, voluntarily, assuming tasks which are held to be degrading, among the hunters. I should like to talk with this fellow when you are done. What is his name?"

"His proper name is Oakatibbé; but that by which he is generally known among us—his English name—is Slim Sampson, a name which he gets on the score of his superior strength and great slenderness. The latter name, in ordinary use, has completely superseded the former, even among his own people. It may be remarked, by the way, as another proof of the tacit deference of the inferior to the superior people, that most Indians prefer to use the names given by the whites to those of their own language. There are very few among them who will not contrive, after a short intimacy with white men, to get some epithet—which is not always a complimentary one—but which they cling to as tenaciously as they would to some far more valuable possession."

This little dialogue was whispered during the stir which followed the first arrival of the laborers. We had no opportunity for more.

The rest of the Indians were in no respect remarkable. There were some eight or ten women, and perhaps as many men, who did not engage in the toils of their companions, though they did not

seem the less interested in the result. These I noted, were all in greater or less degree, elderly persons. One was full eighty years old, and a strange fact for one so venerable, was the most confirmed drunkard of the tribe. When the cotton pickers advanced with their baskets, the hangers-on drew nigh also, deeply engrossed with the prospect of reaping the gains from that industry which they had no mood to emulate. These however, were very moderate, in most cases. Where a negro woman picked from one to two hundred weight of cotton, *per diem*, the Indian woman, at the utmost, gathered sixty-five; and the general average among them, did not much exceed forty-five. Slim Sampson's basket weighed eighty-six pounds—an amount considerably greater than any of the rest—and Col. H * * * assured me, that his average during the week had been, at no time, much below this.

The proceedings had gone on without interruption or annoyance for the space of half an hour. Col. H * * * had himself weighed every basket, with scrupulous nicety, and recorded the several weights opposite to the name of the picker, in a little memorandum book which he kept exclusively for this purpose; and it was amusing to see with what pleasurable curiosity, the Indians, men and women, watched the record which stated their several accounts. The whole labor of the week, was to be settled for that night (Saturday) and hence the unusual gathering of those whose only purpose in being present, was to grasp at the spoils.

Among these hawks was one middle-aged Indian—a stern, sulky fellow, of considerable size and strength—whose skin was even then full of liquor, which contributing to the usual insolence of his character, made him at times very troublesome. He had more than once during the proceedings, interfered between Col. H * * * and his employees, in such a manner as to provoke, in the mind of that gentleman, no small degree of irritation. The English name of this Indian, was Loblolly Jack. Loblolly Jack had a treble motive for being present and conspicuous. He had among the laborers, a wife and two daughters. When the baskets of these were brought forward to be weighed, he could no longer be kept in the back-ground, but resolutely thrusting himself before the rest, he handled basket, book and steelyards in turn, uttered his suspicions of foul play, and insisted upon a close examination of every movement which was made by the proprietor. In this manner, he made it very difficult for him to proceed in his duties; and his conduct, to do the Indians Justice seemed quite as annoying to them as to Col. H * * *. The wife frequently expostulated with him, in rather bolder language than an Indian squaw is apt to use to her liege lord; while Slim Sampson, after a few words of reproach, expressed in Choctaw, concluded by telling him in plain English, that he was “a rascal dog.” He seemed the only one among them who had no fear of the intruder. Loblolly Jack answered in similar terms, and Slim Sampson, clearing the baskets at a single bound, confronted him with a show of fight, and a direct challenge to it, on the spot where they stood. The other seemed no ways loth. He recoiled a pace, drew his knife—

a sufficient signal for Slim Sampson to get his own in readiness—and, thus opposed, they stood, glaring upon each other with eyes of the most determined expression of malignity. A moment more—an additional word of provocation from either—and blows must have taken place. But Col. H * * * *, a man of great firmness, put himself between them, and calling to one of his negroes, bade him bring out from the house his double-barreled gun.

"Now," said he "my good fellows, the first man of you that lifts his hand to strike, I'll shoot him down: so look to it. Slim Sampson, go back to your basket, and don't meddle in this business. Don't you suppose that I'm man enough to keep Loblolly Jack in order? You shall see."

It is not difficult for a determined white man to keep an Indian in subordination, so long as both of them are sober. A few words more convinced Loblolly Jack, who had not yet reached the reckless stage in drunkenness, that his wiser course was to give back and keep quiet, which he did. The storm subsided all most as suddenly as it had been raised, and Col. H * * * * resumed his occupation. Still, the Indian who had proved so troublesome before, continued his annoyances, though in a manner somewhat less audacious. His last proceeding was to get as nigh as he could to the basket which was about to be weighed—his wife's basket—and with the end of a stick, adroitly introduced into some little hole, he contrived to press the basket downwards, and thus to add so much to the weight of the cotton, that his squaw promised to bear off the palm of victory in that day's picking. Nobody saw the use to which the stick was put, and for a few moments, no one suspected it.—Had the cunning fellow been more moderate, he might have succeeded in his attempt upon the steelyards; but his pressure increased with every approach which was made to a determination of the weight, and while all were wondering that so small a basket should be so heavy, Slim Sampson discovered and pointed out the trick to Col. H. who suddenly snatching the stick from the grasp of the Indian, was about to lay it over his head. But this my expostulation prevented; and after some delay, the proceedings were finally ended; but in such a manner as to make my friend somewhat more doubtful than he had been before, on the subject of his experiment. He paid off their accounts, some in cloths and calicoes, of which he had provided a small supply for this purpose; but the greater number, under the evil influence of the idle and the elder, demanded and received their pay in money.

It was probably about ten o'clock that evening. We had finished supper, and Col. H. and myself had resumed the subject upon which we had been previously engaged. But the discussion was languid, and both of us were unquestionably lapsing into that state, when each readily receives an apology for retiring for the night, when we were startled from our drowsy tendencies by a wild and terrible cry, such as made me thrill instinctively with the conviction that something terrible had taken place. We started instantly to our feet, and threw open the door. The cry was more distinct and piercing, and

its painful character could not be mistaken. It was a cry of death—of sudden terror and great and angry excitement. Many voices were mingled together—some expressive of fury, some of fear, and many of lamentation. The tones which finally prevailed over and continued long after all others had subsided, were those of women.

"These sounds come from the shop of that trader. Those rascally Choctaws are drunk and fighting, and ten to one but somebody is killed among them!" was the exclamation of Col. H. These sounds are familiar to me. I have heard them once before.—They signify murder. It is a peculiar whoop which the Indians have, to denote the shedding of blood—to show that a crime has been committed."

The words had scarcely been uttered, before Slim Sampson came suddenly out into the road, and joined us at the door. Col. H. instantly asked him to enter, which he did. When he came fully into the light, we discovered that he had been drinking. His eyes bore sufficient testimony to the fact, though his drunkenness seemed to have subsided into something like stupor. His looks were heavy, rather than calm. He said nothing, but drew nigh to the fire place, and seated himself upon one corner of the hearth. I now discovered that his hands and hunting shirt were stained with blood. His eyes beheld the bloody tokens at the same time, and he turned his hand curiously over, and examined it by the fire-light.

"Kurnel," said he, in broken English, "me is dam dog fool!"

"How, Sampson?"

"Me drunk—me fight—me kill Loblolly Jack! Look ya! Dis blood'pon my hands. 'Tis Loblolly Jack blood! He dead! I stick him wid de knife!" "Impossible! What made you do it?"

"Me drunk! Me dam fool!—Drink whiskey at liquor shop—hab money—buy whiskey—drunk come, and Loblolly Jack dead!"

This was the substance of the story, which was confirmed a few moments after, by the appearance of several other Indians, the friends of the two parties. From these, it appeared that all of them had been drinking, at the shop of Ligon, the white man; that when heated with liquor, both Loblolly Jack and Slim Sampson had, as with one accord, resumed the strife which had been arrested by the prompt interference of Col. H.; that from words they had got to blows, and the former had fallen, fatally hurt, by a single stroke from the other's hand and knife.

The Indian law, like that of the Hebrews, is eye for eye, tooth for tooth, life for life. The fate of Slim Sampson was ordained. He was to die on the morrow. This was well understood by himself as by all the rest. The wound of Loblolly Jack had proved mortal. He was already dead; and it was arranged among the parties that Slim Sampson was to remain that night, if permitted, at the house of Col. H., and to come forth at early sunrise to execution. Col. H. declared his willingness that the criminal should remain in his house; but at the same time, disclaimed all responsibility in the business; and assured the old chief whose name was "Rising Smoke," that he would not be answerable for his appearance.

"He won't run," said the other, indifferently.

"But you will not put a watch over him—I will not suffer more than the one to sleep in my house."

The old chief repeated his assurance that Slim Sampson would not seek to fly. No guard was to be placed over him. He was expected to remain quiet, and come forth to execution at the hour appointed.

"He got for dead," continued Rising Smoke—"he know the law. He will come and dead like a man. Oakatibbé got big heart." Every word which the old fellow uttered went to mine.

What an eulogy was this upon Indian inflexibility! What confidence in the passive obedience of the warrior! After a little further dialogue, they departed,—friends and enemies—and the unfortunate criminal was left with us alone. He still maintained his seat upon the hearth. His muscles were composed and calm—not rigid. His thoughts however, were evidently busy; and once or twice I could see that his head was moved slowly from side to side, with an expression of mournful self-abandonment. I watched every movement and look with the deepest interest, while Col. H. with a concern necessarily deeper than my own, spoke with him freely, on the subject of his crime. It was, in fact, in the affair of Col. H. that the unlucky deed was committed. It was true, that for this, the latter gentleman was in no wise responsible; but that did not lessen, materially, the pain which he felt at having, however unwittingly, occasioned it. He spoke with the Indian in such terms of condolence as conventional usage among us has determined to be the most proper. He proffered to buy off the friends and relatives of the deceased, if the offence could be commuted for money. The poor fellow was very grateful, but, at the same time, told him that the attempt was useless.—The tribe had never been known to permit such a thing, and the friends of Loblolly Jack were too much his enemies, to consent to any commutation.

Col. H., however, was unsatisfied, and determined to try the experiment. The notion had only suggested itself to him after the departure of the Indians. He readily conjectured where he should find them, and we immediately set off for the grogshop of Ligon. This was little more than a quarter of a mile from the plantation. When we reached it, we found the Indians, generally, in the worst possible condition to be treated with. They were very generally in the latest stages of intoxication. The dead body of the murdered man was stretched out in the piazza or gallery half covered with a bear-skin. The breast was bare—a broad, bold, manly bosom—and the wound, a deep narrow gash, around which the blood stood, clotted, in thick, frothy masses. The nearer relations of the deceased, were perhaps the most drunk of the assembly. Their grief necessarily entitled them to the greatest share of consolation, and this took the form of whiskey. Their love of excess, and the means of indulgence, encouraged us with the hope that their vengeance might be bought off without much difficulty, but we soon found ourselves very much deceived. Every effort, every offer, proved fruitless; and after vainly exhausting every art and argument, old Rising Smoke drew us aside to tell us that the thing was impossible.

"Oakatibbée hab for die, and no use for talk. De law is make for Oakatibbée, and Loblolly Jack, and me, Rising Smoke, and all, just the same. Oakatibbée will dead to-morrow."

With sad hearts, we left the ntaudlin and miserable assembly. When we returned, we found Slim Sampson employed in carving with his knife upon the handle of his tomahawk. In the space thus made, he introduced a small bit of flattened silver, which seemed to have been used for a like purpose on some previous occasion. It was rudely shaped like a bird, and was probably one of those trifling ornaments which usually decorate the stocks of a rifle and shot-gun. I looked with increasing concern upon his countenance. What could a spectator—one unacquainted with the circumstances—have met with there? Nothing, surely, of that awful event, which had just taken place, and of that doom which now seemed so certainly to await him. He betrayed no sort of interest in our mission. His look and manner denoted his own perfect conviction of its inutility; and when we told him what had taken place, he neither answered nor looked up.

It would be difficult to describe my feelings and those of my companion. The more we reflected upon the affair, the more painful and oppressive did our thoughts become. A pain, little short of horror, coupled itself with every emotion. We left the Indian still beside the fire. He had begun a low chating song just before we retired, in his own language, which was meant as a recital of the chief events of his life. The death song—for such it was—is neither more nor less than a recital of those deeds which it will be creditable to a son or a relative to remember. In this way the deeds of their great men, and the leading events of their history, are transmitted through successive ages. He was evidently refreshing his own memory in preparation for the morrow. He was arranging the narrative of the past, in proper form for the acceptance of the future.

We did not choose to disturb him in this vocation, and retired. When we had got to our chamber, H. who already had one boot off, exclaimed suddenly—"By heavens, S. this fellow ought not to perish in this manner. We should make an effort to save him. We must save him!"

"What will you do?"

"Come—let us go back and try and urge him to flight. He can escape easily while all these fellows are drunk. He shall have my best horse for the purpose."

We returned to the apartment.

"Slim Sampson."

"Kurnel!" was the calm reply.

"There's no sense in your staying here to be shot."

"Ugh!" was the only answer, but in an assenting tone.

"You're not a bad fellow—you didn't mean to kill Loblolly Jack—its very hard that you should die for what you didn't wish to do. You're too young to die. You've got a great many years to live. You ought to live to be an old man and have sons like yourself; and there's a great deal of happiness in this world, if a man only knows

where to look for it. But a man that's dead is of no use to himself, or to his friends, or his enemies. Why should you die—why should you be shot?

"Eh?

"Hear me; your people are all drunk at Ligon's—blind drunk—deaf drunk—they can neither see nor hear. They won't get sober till morning—perhaps not then. You've been across the Mississippi, hav'nt you? You know the way?"

The reply was affirmative.

"Many Choctaws live over the Mississippi now—on the Red River, and far beyond, to the Red Hills. Go to them—they will take you by the hand—they will give you one of their daughters to wife—they will love you—they will make you a chief. Fly, Sampson, fly to them—you shall have one of my horses, and before daylight you will be down the country, among the white people, and far from your enemies—Go my good fellow, it would be a great pity that so brave a man should die."

This was the substance of my friend's exhortation. It was put into every shape, and addressed to every fear, hope, or passion which might possibly have influence over the human bosom. A strong conflict took place in the mind of the Indian, the outward signs of which were not wholly suppressible. He started to his feet, trod the floor hurriedly, and there was a tremulous quickness in the movement of his eyes, and a dilation of their orbs, which amply denoted the extent of his emotion. He turned suddenly upon us, when H. had finished speaking, and replied in language very nearly like the following.

"I love the whites—I was always a friend to the whites. I believe I love their laws better than my own. Loblolly Jack laughed at me because I loved the whites, and wanted our people to live like them. But I am of no use now. I can love them no more. My people say that I must die. How can I live?"

Such was the purport of his answer. The meaning of it was simple. He was not unwilling to avail himself of the suggestions of my friend, to fly—to live—but he could not divest himself of that habitual deference to those laws to which he had given implicit reverence from the beginning. Custom is the superior tyrant of all savage nations.

To embolden him on this subject, was now the joint object of Col. H. and myself. We spared no argument to convince him that he ought to fly. It was something in favor of our object, that the Indian regards the white man as so infinitely his superior; and, in the case of Slim Sampson, we were assisted by his own inclinations in favor of those customs of the whites, which he had already in part begun to adopt. We discussed for his benefit that which may be considered one of the leading elements in civilization—the duty of saving and keeping life as long as we can—insisted upon the morality of flying from any punishment which would deprive us of it; and at length had the satisfaction of seeing him convinced. He yielded to our arguments and solicitations, accepted the horse, which

he promised voluntarily to find some early means to return, and with a sigh—perhaps one of the first proofs of that change of feeling and of principle which he had just shown, he declared his intention to take the road instantly.

"Go to bed, Kurnel. Your horse will come back." We retired, and a few moments after heard him leave the house. I am sure that both of us felt a degree of light-heartedness which scarcely any other event could have produced. We could not sleep, however. For myself I answer—it was almost dawn before I fell into an uncertain slumber, filled with visions of scuffling Indians—the stark corse of Loblolly Jack, being the conspicuous object, and Slim Sampson standing up for execution.

Neither Col. H. nor myself arose at a very early hour. Our first thoughts and feelings at waking were those of exultation. We rejoiced that we had been instrumental in saving from an ignominious death, a fellow creature, and one who seemed so worthy, in so many respects. Our exultation was not a little increased, as we reflected on the disappointment of his enemies; and we enjoyed a hearty laugh together, as we talked over the matter while putting on our clothes. When we looked from the window the area in front of the house was covered with Indians. They sat, or stood or walked, all around the dwelling. The hour appointed for the delivery of Slim Sampson had passed, yet they betrayed no emotion. We fancied, however, that we could discern in the countenances of most among them, the sentiment of friendship or hostility for the criminal, by which they were severally governed. A dark, fiery look of exultation—a grim anticipation of delight—was evident in the faces of his enemies; while among his friends, men and women, a subdued concern and humbling sadness, were the prevailing traits of expression.

But when we went below to meet them—when it became known that the murderer had fled, taking with him the best horse of the proprietor, the outbreak was tremendous. A terrible yell went up from the party devoted to Loblolly Jack; while the friends and relatives of Slim Sampson at once sprang to their weapons, and put themselves in an attitude of defence. We had not foreseen the effects of our interposition and advice. We did not know, or recollect, that the nearest connection of the criminal, among the Indian tribes, in vent of his escape, would be required to suffer in his place; and this, by the way, is the grand source of that security which they felt the night before, that flight would not be attempted by the destined victim. The aspect of affairs looked squally. Already was the bow bent and the tomahawk lifted. Already had the parties separated, each going to his own side, and ranging himself in front of some one opponent. The women sunk rapidly into the rear, and provided themselves with billets or fencerails, as they occurred to their hands; while little brats of boys, ten and twelve years old, kept up a continual shrill clamor, while brandishing their tiny bows and *blow-guns*; which were only powerful against the lapwing and the sparrow. In political phrase "a great crisis was at hand." The stealthier chiefs and leaders of both sides, had sunk from sight, behind the trees or

houses, in order to avail themselves of all the arts of Indian strategy. Every thing promised a sudden and stern conflict. At the first show of commotion, Col. H. had armed himself. I had been well provided with pistols and bowie knife, before leaving home; and apprehending the worse, we yet took our places as peace-makers, between the contending parties.

It is highly probable that all our interposition would have been fruitless to prevent their collision; and though our position certainly delayed the progress of the quarrel, yet all we could have hoped to to effect by our interference would have been the removal of the combatants to a more remote battle ground. But a circumstance that surprised and disappointed us all, took place, to settle the strife forever, and to reconcile the parties without any resort to blows. While the turmoil was at the highest, and we had despaired of doing any thing to prevent bloodshed, the tramp of a fast galloping horse was heard in the woods, and the next moment the steed of Col. H. made his appearance, covered with foam, Slim Sampson on his back, and still driven by the lash of his rider at the top of his speed. He leaped the enclosure, and was drawn up still quivering in every limb, in the area between the opposing Indians. The countenance of the noble fellow told his story. His heart had smitten him by continual reproaches, at the adoption of a conduct unknown in his nation; and which all its hereditary opinions had made cowardly and infamous. Besides, he remembered the penalties which in consequence of his flight, must fall heavily upon his people. Life was sweet to him—very sweet! He had the promise of many bright years before him. His mind was full of honorable and—speaking in comparative phrase—lofty purposes, for the improvement of himself and nation. We have already sought to show that, by his conduct, he had taken one large step in the resistance to the tyrannous usages of custom, to introduce the elements of civilization among his people. But he could not withstand the reproaches of a conscience formed upon principles which his own genius was not equal to overthrow. His thoughts during his flight, must have been of a very humbling character; but his features now denoted only pride, exultation and a spirit strengthened by resignation, against the worst. By his flight and subsequent return, he had, in fact, exhibited a more lively spectacle of moral firmness, than would have been displayed by his simple submission in remaining. He seemed to feel this. It looked out from his soul in every movement of his body. He leaped from his horse, exclaiming, while he slapped his breast with his open palm:

"Oakatibbé heard the voice of a chief, that said he must die. Let the chief look here—Oakatibbé is come!"

A shout went up from both parties. The signs of strife disappeared. The language of the crowd was no longer that of threatening and violence. It was understood that there would be no resistance in behalf of the condemned. Col. H. and myself, were both mortified and disappointed. Though the return of Slim Sampson, had obviously prevented a combat *à outrance*, in which a dozen or more might have been slain, still we could not but regret the event.

The life of such a fellow seemed to both of us, to be worth the lives of any hundred of his people.

Never did man carry with himself more simple nobleness. He was at once surrounded by his friends and relatives. The hostile party, from whom the executioners were to be drawn, stood looking on at some little distance, the very pictures of patience. There was no sort of disposition manifested among them, to hurry the proceedings. Though exulting in the prospect of soon shedding the blood of one whom they esteemed an enemy, yet all was dignified composure and forbearance. The signs of exultation were no where to be seen. Meanwhile, a conversation was carried on in low, soft accents, unmarked by physical action of any kind, between the condemned and two other Indians. One of these was the unhappy mother of the criminal—the other was his uncle. They rather listened to his remarks, than made any of their own. The dialogue was conducted in their own language. After a while this ceased, and he made a signal which seemed to be felt, rather than understood by all the Indians, friends and enemies. All of them started into instant intelligence. It was a sign that he was ready for the final proceedings. He rose to his feet and they surrounded him. The groans of the old woman, his mother, were now distinctly audible, and she was led away by the uncle, who, placing her among the other women, returned to the condemned, beside whom he now took his place. Col. H. and myself, also drew nigh. Seeing us Oakatibbé simply said, with a smile:

"Ah, kurnel, you see, Injun man ain't strong like white man!

Col. H. answered with emotion.

"I would have saved you, Sampson."

"Oakatibbé hab for dead!" said the worthy fellow, with another, but a very wretched smile.

His firmness was unabated. A procession was formed, which was headed by three sturdy fellows, carrying their rifles conspicuously upon their shoulders. These were the appointed executioners, and were all near relatives of the man who had been slain. There was no mercy in their looks. Oakatibbé followed immediately after these. He seemed pleased that we should accompany him to the place of execution. Our way lay through a long avenue of stunted pines, which conducted us to a spot where an elevated ridge on either hand produced a broad and very prettily defined valley. My eyes, in all this progress, were scarcely ever dawn from the person of him who was to be the principal actor in the approaching scene. Never, on any occasion, did I behold a man with a step more firm—a head so unbent—a countenance so sweetly calm, though grave—and of such quiet unconcern, at the obvious fate in view. Yet there was nothing in his deportment of that effort which would be the case with most white men on a similar occasion, who seek to wear the aspect of heroism. He walked as to victory, but he walked with a staid, even dignity, calmly, and without even the flush of excitement on his cheek. In his eye there was none of that feverish curiosity, which seeks for the presence of his executioner, and cannot be averted from the contempla-

tion of the mournful paraphernalia of death. His look was like that of the strong man, conscious of his inevitable doom, and prepared, as it was inevitable, to meet it with corresponding indifference.

The grave was now before us. It must have been prepared at the first dawn of the morning. The executioners paused, when they had reached a spot within thirty steps of it. But the condemned passed on, and stopped only on the edge of its open jaws. The last trial was at hand with all its terrors. The curtain was about to drop, and the scene of life, with all its hopes and promises and golden joys—even to an Indian golden—was to be shut forever. I felt a painful and numbing chill pass through my frame, but I could behold no sign of change in him. He now beckoned his friends around him. His enemies drew nigh also, but in a remoter circle. He was about to commence his song of death—the narrative of his performances, his purposes, all his living experience. He began a low chant, slow, measured and composed, the words seeming to consist of monosyllables only. As he proceeded, his eyes kindled, and his arms were extended. His action became impassioned, his utterance more rapid, and the tones were distinguished by increasing warmth. I could not understand a single word which he uttered, but the cadences were true and full of significance. The rise and fall of his voice, truly proportioned to the links of sound by which they were connected, would have yielded a fine lesson to the European teacher of school eloquence. His action was as graceful as that of a mighty tree yielding to, and gradually rising from the pressure of a sudden gust. I felt the eloquence which I could not understand. I fancied, from his tones and gestures, the play of the muscles of his mouth, and the dilation of his eyes, that I could detect the instances of daring valor, or good conduct, which his narrative comprised. One portion of it, as he approached the close, I certainly could not fail to comprehend. He evidently spoke of his last unhappy affray with the man whom he had slain. His head was bowed—the light passed from his eyes, his hands were folded upon his heart, and his voice grew thick and husky. Then came the narrative of his flight. His glance was turned upon Col. H., and myself, and at the close, he extended his hand to us both. We grasped it earnestly, and with a degree of emotion which I would not now seek to describe. He paused. The catastrophe was at hand. I saw him step back, so as to place himself at the very verge of the grave—he then threw open his breast—a broad, manly, muscular bosom, that would have sufficed for a Hercules—one hand he struck upon the spot above the heart where it remained—the other was raised above his head. This was the signal. I turned away with a strange sickness. I could look no longer. In the next instant I heard the simultaneous report, as one, of the three rifles, and when I again looked, they were shoveling in the fresh mold, upon the noble form of one, who, under other more favoring circumstances, might have been a father to his nation.

THE STARS ARE IN THE QUIET DEEP.

THE stars are in the quiet deep,
 A thousand saintly eyes of light,
 Sweet watchers of thy maiden sleep,
 They guard thy slumbers through the night;
 For not a breath that sweeps the skies,
 And not a tone that joys the ear,
 But from some holy mansion flies,
 To soothe the sleep of one so dear.
 Silent, as through,
 Arches of blue,
 Darts the bright meteor gleaming and gone;
 So do they fleet,
 Smiling and sweet,
 Blessing for angels what mortals have won.

II

Commisioned by a power divine,
 Thus love asserts a kindred sway,
 And blessings for thy heart, from mine,
 Even now, are speeding on their way;
 The sacred principle of things,
 In all we know that heav'n makes fair,
 May well command a thousand wings
 To waft and hallow love's own pray'r,
 Softly as goes
 Dew to the rose,
 Bearing the precious bloom gather'd above,
 So do they bear,
 Love's smile and tear,
 Soothing the happy heart chosen of love.

POEMS OF ALFRED B. STREET.

1. THE BURNING OF SCHENECTADY AND OTHER POEMS. 1842.—2. DRAWINGS AND TINTINGS. 1844.

WE are not sure that Mr. Street has not published other volumes besides the two above-mentioned. These, however, are all that we have seen, and these are enough to prove that he possesses the genuine gifts of poetry in no inconsiderable degree. But he is still a very young man, and, with other toils,—those of the lawyer, the politician and editor (for he is or has been all of these) before him,—it is scarcely to be expected that he has been able as yet to do full or even tolerable justice to his own endowments. He has done his work hastily. His plans have not been well laid,—his foundations not sufficiently sunk for his superstructure. He has given himself no time to mature his conceptions, to elaborate or complete his designs, to polish and to prune his verses. His case is that of our American poets generally,—they write as they hurry forward. They remind you of troops who pray while they are rushing into battle, and, probably, at no other season. Such is the usual mode of approach to the American muse. Our bard is a lawyer whose briefs are to be prepared, who has an argument to make, and, when these are done, who pens his sonnet, very much as

the boy whistles, "for want of thought." Our poet-editor is in a like category. He has a political article to prepare for next day's paper. He has to collect ship news and report the current values upon 'Change; he must read proof and pay off journeymen; and then,—hey for the Muse! He brings his offering,—ten by fourteen,—syllables and lines,—a sonnet as nearly like that of Petrarch as the nature of his hurry will admit,—and this is one of his spokes in the wheel of fortune and immortality. All this is unfortunate enough, but not necessary to be discussed, when the misfortune results, confessedly, less from incapacity, ignorance and deficient will, than from the iron operation of circumstance. We must leave it to time to amend it, and to shape a better destiny for the poets who are yet to follow. As the matter stands, we are only to do justice to those who come before us, making due allowance for imperfections, which, we are free to believe, spring rather from the condition of society and the country, than from any native inferiority of endowment among themselves.

The very subject chosen by Mr. Street for his first volume, "The Burning of Schenectady," denotes a certain crude condition of the mind, by which we see that our author has rushed, without proper thinking, to his task. But little—beyond a few passages of picturesque description—could be done with such a subject. It would suit the painter better,—seizing upon some happy moment to present, in the midst of the conflagration, some of the most impressive of its details, which, brought out prominently, with the burning town in the background, and the bewildered groups flying to and fro over the snow,—would furnish a forest battle-piece which a master might well make worthy of old Wouvermans. But the very details in such a story are adverse to the peculiar powers of the poet. That Mr. Street has made a readable poem of it, proves his capacity to do more. His talents are descriptive rather than dramatic. He describes rather than depicts. He delights in repose rather than in action, and certainly succeeds in making a lovely picture, where, intent on the action only, the reader would never look for one. It is in establishing this very merit, that he betrays his defect. His description is sometimes out of place. His subordinates interfere with his principals. Mr. Street, for example, would be a pleasant companion through the interior of the State of New-York. He would lead you to the finest fishing-grounds,—show you where the noblest *spearing* might be found,—give you lessons in trout-fishing, which old Walton would never quarrel with,—and, incidentally, draw your attention to the exquisite grouping of hills around the town,—discriminate for you the nice details of the forest growth,—the shades of the leaf, the rich and separate tints drawn by autumn upon the leaves;—and, not a clump or thicket, or tree or shoot, should go unchronicled, pleasingly, and with that colouring with which the moral poet knows how to invest his object;—and all this you would relish, and consider fine, provided you were unexcited, quietly rambling, contemplative, among the scenes described, and with no leading motive, no impulse to anxiety or impatience in the mind. Let him, however, endeavour to attract your attention to such objects, while you are suffering from great anxieties—

when excited by individual passions,—when the blood is up,—and you are a creature of mixed hope and fear—and you will not listen to him; and if he broaches the subject, with the prospect of an Indian fight before you,—with the war-whoop ringing in your ears,—you resent the thing as a manifest impertinence. This is one of the errors of our author, in which he sometimes offends. A passage of fine description is not only not fine when out of place, but it becomes absolutely offensive. We are eager for the fight,—we expect danger, and strife, and heroism,—and we are required to turn aside and look at a quiet picture, down in the valley, removed from the scene of action, and having no solitary feature in sympathy with the aroused and kindling feelings and passions at our hearts. In this way, the passage and the poetry are wasted upon us, which, at another moment, and in another mood, had riveted all our regards, and brought the most seductive emotions to our minds.

The burning of Schenectady is a well known fact in the early history of the country. It is one of a thousand such histories, of midnight conflict with the Indian, in which we fail to discover any of those peculiar characteristics which might tempt the poet to risk himself on a somewhat hacknied subject,—particularly with the “Gertrude” of Campbell before his eyes. We do not see that our author has done much with the history. He has given us some bold pictures, and the events are sometimes made impressive by the adjuncts,—by the clever distribution of light and shade,—by the use of contrasts happily disposed, and by descriptions of the scenery in winter, which, by the way, are wrought picturesquely, and form some of the most successful passages. With the historical details, our author has interwoven a tale of love, made after the approved fashions, and of melancholy issue. It is one defect of the story that the uses of hero and heroine, are not of a kind to interest us very deeply in their fate. Narrators, who aim at the reputation of a man like Scott, will do well to remember, that, even superior to the interest exerted by his battles—we are speaking now of his poems,—was that which he made us take in his chief persons,—his James Fitz James,—his Marmion,—his Roderick Dhu,—his Bruce, etc.,—an interest naturally arising from the work which he gave them to perform. They grew conspicuous to our eyes, and all the rest was subordinate in the picture. We knew them by their own actions, rather than by the author's words, and in due proportion as we became excited by the action, we became devoted to the chief persons with whom it were identified. These, brought out prominently from the beginning, and all things made subordinate to their development, and the reader is carried forward, unwittingly, until he becomes an absolute partisan of the hero. This was Homer's secret, as it was Scott's and Byron's, and that of all writers who attempt such performances successfully.

It is not, however, in the epic or the dramatic, but in the descriptive, that Mr. Street excels. He is not even contemplative,—solely descriptive, and as nice and as elaborate in details as any of the Flemish masters. To these, when most successful, he chiefly con-

finer himself, and seldom rises, as Wordsworth and Bryant do constantly, to the consideration of moral suggestions growing out of the objects of their survey. But if the sphere in which Mr. Street moves is a narrow one, he is evidently the possessor of it all. His delineations are as close and correct as if Nature herself had employed him as her chief secretary. It is, indeed, his frequent fault to be too particular. But of this hereafter. Let us take some samples from the poem we have been reviewing. We have marked a few pleasing specimens. The reader will note the force of occasional epithets and expressions in the following :

"An August day,—a dreamy haze
 Films air, and mingles with the skies ;
 Sweetly the rich dark sunshine plays,
 Bronzing each object where it lies,
 Till stream and tree and rocky pyre
 Seem lit with streaks of dusky fire.
 Outlines are melted in the gauze
 That Nature veils ; the fitful breeze,
 From the thick pine low murmuring, draws ;
 And that light *Comus* of the trees,
 The aspen, as the balmy rover
 Creeps by, with mirth is quivering over ;
 The bee is slumbering in the thistle,
 And, now and then, a broken whistle,
 A tread—a hum—a tap—is heard
 Through the dry leaves, in grass and tree,
 As insect, animal and bird
 Rouse, briefly from their lethargy :
 Then, e'en these pleasant sounds would cease,
 And a dead stillness all things lock,
 The aspen seem like sculptur'd rock,
 And not a tassel-thread be shaken,
 The parent-pine's deep trance to waken,
 And Nature settle prone in drowsy peace."

This is a pleasing and natural picture, somewhat impaired by the author's fondness for details. To multiply the objects and images in a poetical picture, is frequently to impair them, since the success of each depends rather upon the happy choice of a few pregnant and expressive sentences, than upon the enumeration of the absolute constituents. This is the grand difference between poet and painter. The former must avoid details, if he would not become prosaic. He must seize only upon the prominent traits of his subject, group them together in happy relationship, and leave the minor attributes of the picture to be supplied by the imagination which his labor is intended to provoke into activity. To leave nothing to the reader's fancy, is to deprive him of all motive to sympathy, and thus to forfeit the only means by which to secure his interest in the study you put before him. Here is something, equally elaborate, but more unique and in better style :

"Within a hut of logs, around
 Its hearth, the hunters group together :
 They hear the madden'd tempest's sound,—
 They mark the frost the casement feather,—
 The crackling fire casts glances red,
 Upon the rafters cross'd o'erhead,

On huge moose-antlers, ruddy shines,
 Chequers the garments from their tines,
 Bathes paw of bear, and panther's tusk,
 Otter's, and beaver's glossy hides,
 And water-rat's brown skin of musk,
 Hung round the cabin's bulging sides,
 While in the corners of each wall
 Are group'd the rifles slim and tall:
 The hounds are crouching by the blaze,
 Slow winking in their dozing gaze,
 Hearing the drops of sap exude
 In shrill hiss, from the steaming wood.
 Within, the rich warm ruby light,
 Without, the black cold stormy night,
 Contrasting, kindle in the breast,
 Feelings of comfort and of rest."

This is life-like and spirited. But the sap exuding from the wood should have been described, without insisting that the hounds hear it. Doubtless they do hear it, but that is not so sure, nor is it of importance that we should know the fact. It is a fact for us, not for them—necessary for the description, and for a just and natural picture, and would not be a jot less lively though the dogs were totally unconscious of their own drowsiness. The accumulation of epithets, "rich, warm, ruby," here is somewhat tautologous, as well as enfeebling. But these are small matters. Here is a spirited picture of the guard room revel.

"Circling a table, flagon strew'd,
 The soldiers sit in jocund mood;
 Around the fort the tempest howls,
 Thick, solid-seeming, darkness scowls,
 But what reck they? with song and shout
 Merily speeds the festive scene,
 Loud laughter greets the tawny scout,
 As startling, when, more shrill and keen,
 Swells on the air the furious gale,
 He mutters of the morning's trail.
 One, the most reckless of the band,
 Viewing the scout with scornful eyes,
 Fierce smites the table with his hand,
 And swinging high his goblet, cries—
 "Fill, comrades, fill, the wine is bright,
 We'll drink the soldier's life, to-night!
 Sing, comrades, sing, the wind shall be
 The chorus to our harmony!
 This talk forbear, no trails we fear!
 Thy boding's nought—no foe is near!
 A guardian kind is winter old!
 He rears his barriers, white and cold,
 His frozen forests fill the track
 Between us and fierce Frontenac.
 Hark to the blast, how wild his sweep,
 He shouts his chorus strong and deep;
 How beats the snow! we envy not
 This bitter night, the sentry's lot.
 Our comrades at the gates must feel
 The driving sleet, like points of steel!
 Fill, and let thanks to fortune flow,
 For wine and fire, not blast and snow;
 Fill, till the brim is gleaming bright,
 We'll drink—the soldier's life!—to-night."

The more agreeable adjuration is heeded, in preference to the muttered warnings of the scout—

"Merrily sounds the music strain—
Merrily tread the bridal train—

Lyntie smiles a blushing bride,
Sybrant joyous at her side!"

Confident in the barriers which the storms of winter have raised between themselves, and their French and Indian enemies, they give themselves up to the pleasures of the night. But even while they dance and shout, their faithless sentries have deserted their posts to join their brethren in the guard room. They have formed, in their places, men of snow, to whom they have yielded their stations at the gates:

"As loudly rings the bridal cheer,
One whispers in the other's ear,
'Sure, comrade, this is better fate
Than holding musket at the gate!
Let the frost sting—the wind rush by,
Our shapes of snow can both defy:
Our Captain, trust me, comes not forth,
To face this blustering of the north;
And in the gloom, no eye can tell
Image of snow from sentinel!"

But the Indians make the discovery. The incident is picturesquely given:

"Forth from the howling forests, slow,
Stemming the fury of the blast,
Dark things are striving through the snow,
They reach the palisade at last.
Each knife is bared, each musket grasp'd,
For strength renewed the breath is gasp'd—
Amidst its drifts, the gate, wide spread
Seems to invite the entering tread—
'On—ha! a sentry here!' but no!—
The hatchet sinks in *shapen'd* snow;
Quick, through the passage rush the band;
Lonely and trackless are the streets,
Block'd with deep banks—no light, no sound,
Within the dwellings group'd around.
The wind about each corner beats,
Whirling the drifts in blinding sheets;
Mortigni leads—a light breaks near—
The hunters bending o'er their cheer!
Another streaks with bronze a pine—
Fast slumbering trader, it is thine!
Mantet draws near the fort—within
Loud swells the reckless wassail din!
La Moyne beside a window stoops
Merrily step the dancing groups!
'Till round each roof-tree is the foe,
With weapons ready for the blow."

The line that we have italicised impairs the passage. It is introduced simply for the rhyme. It has no other uses, and does not add to the force of the picture. "*Shapen'd* snow" is scarcely correct. The word is "*shapéd*." "Figured snow" might have been under-

stood. The war-whoop mingles in with the revelry and music of the dancers.

"More fierce, more terrible,
Than the wild tempest's wildest swell,"

Our author has scarcely been successful in his description of the effect of this dreadful interruption to the festivities of the scene, though he tells us in language of downright common-place, of the sounds

"More wild and keen,
Than those that rend and pierce the air,
Now here—now there—now every where!"

This last line is a sad falling off in the dignity of the description. The massacre follows, and is marked by numerous details, in which there is more of the horrible than the terrible—more of the merely brutal than the sublime. Some of our authors lines are quite objectionable—such as

"Smear'd with crushed brain—with life blood splash'd."

The fierce courage and constancy of Vrooman, in the defence of his wigwam, alone, against the whole strength of the enemy, is among the most spirited portions of the story.

"Shrill peal the whoops around his walls,
But at each shot a foeman falls;
Pours from without the leaden rain;
He hurls the death-ball back again:
From loop to loop he quickly bounds,
Quickly his fatal musket sounds;
In the fierce fire-flood's lurid glow,
Reddening, all round, like blood, the snow,
The grim and threatening looks he sees,
Of his *barr'd*, furious enemies;
Some at the loops, aim fruitless ball;
Some shake the door bolts but to fall;
He marks their gestures, wild with rage,
But still his shots the contest wage:
Thus on he strives—the smoke clouds fill
Each stifling room—he struggles still:
Ha! is yon door ajar! he flies—
A shriek—his wife beside him dies!—
With maddened strength he dashes back
An entering savage, on his track:
Again his bullets smite his foes,
Again the door defies their blows—
He starts—is that his daughter speeding,
 Bearing his infant? Back! But vain—
He hears a sudden cry of pain—
Down dash'd, his mangled child is bleeding;
Yet, dauntless, he, the fight prolongs,
'Till spent with toil, the baffled throngs,
As the foil'd panther slow withdraws,
Growling, from oft repeated leaps,
Leave him ———
With fame that still tradition keeps—
A conqueror at his household hearth."

This Dutchman had the instinct of life in very large degree. We omit some lines and ends of lines which only enfeeble the passage. The epithet "*barr'd*" in the line

"Of his *barr'd*, furious enemies,"

is not the right one. "Baffled" might have been introduced with more propriety and force.

These extracts will give some idea of our author's abilities in narrative: but this is not his *forte* and we are bound to say that, in his preface, he tells us that the story is meant to be subordinate to the description. But this is an error always. The actions and the passions of man will always take precedence of any description of external nature. The reader will forget the one, in his sympathy with the other, and it is at the peril of the poet that he wills it otherwise. He risks neglect and probably injustice, since, as already said, nothing will sooner provoke the reader to anger, than, when his mind is aroused to the contemplation of great actions, to be required to turn aside in the survey of woods, or lake, or any object, however beautiful, which does not contribute to the satisfaction of his present emotions. We shall make one farther extract from this volume. The poem called "Angling," is pleasantly descriptive—not too minute—which is Mr. Street's fault—but enough so for a lively and complete picture.

ANGLING.

The south wind is breathing most sweetly to-day,
The sunshine is veil'd in a mantle of gray,
The Spring rains are past, and the streams leap along,
Not brimming nor shrunken with sparkle and song,
'Tis the month lov'd by anglers—'tis beautiful June!—
Away then, away then, to bright Callikoon!

A narrow, wild path through the forest is here,
With light tiny hoof-prints, the trail of the deer!
Beside and above us, what splendor of green!
The eye can scarce pierce the dense branches between,
How lightly this moss-hillock yields to the foot!
How gnarl'd is yon bough, and how twisted that root!
What white and pink clusters the laurel hangs out,
The air one deep hum from the bees all about!
The chestnut—'tis gala day with her—behold
Her leaves nearly cover'd with plumage of gold!
Whilst thick in the depths of the coverts below,
The blackberry blossoms are scatter'd like snow.
High up, the brown thrasher is tuning her lay,
The red crested woodpecker hammers away,
The caw of the crow echoes hoarse from the tops,
The horn of the locust swells shrilly and stops,
While knots of bright butterflies flutter around,
And seeks the strip'd squirrel his cave in the ground.

We break from the tree-groups; a glade deep with grass;
The white clover's breath loads the sense as we pass,
A sparkle—a streak—a broad glitter is seen
The bright Callikoon through its thickets of green!
We rush to the banks—its sweet music we hear,
Its gush, dash and gurgle, all blent to the ear,
Nor shadows are drawn by the cloud-cover'd sun,
We plunge in the chrystal, our sport is begun.
Our line where that ripple shoots onward, we throw,
It sweeps to the foam-spangled eddy below,
A tremor—a pull—the trout upward is thrown,
He swings to our basket—the prize is our own.

We pass the still shallows—a plunge at our side—
 The dive of the muskrat, its terror to hide.
 A clamor is heard, spots are darting from sight—
 The duck with her brood speeding on in affright.
 A rush—the quick water-snipe cleaving the air—
 We pass the still shallows—our prey is not there.

But here, where the trunk stretches half o'er the brook,
 And slumbers the pool in a leaf-shadow'd nook,
 Where eddies are dimpling and circling away,
 Steal gently, for here lies the king of our prey.
 Throw stilly—if greater the sound meets his ear
 Than the burst of a bubble, you strike him with fear:
 How cautious his touch of the death-hiding bait,
 The rod now is trembling; wait! patiently wait!
 A pull—raise your line, yet most gently—'twill bring
 The credulous victim more sure to his spring,
 A jerk, and the angle is bent to its length,
 Play the line from the reel or 'twill break with his strength!
 He darts round in foam, but his vigor is past,
 Draw steadily to you—you'll have him at last!
 Raise up, but beware that strong struggle and gasp,
 And the noble snar'd creature is filling your grasp.
 How bright with the water-gloss glitters the pride
 Of his brown clouded back, red and gold spotted side!
 But we leave the reft scene of the dead monarch's reign,
 Like a despot that moves on to triumph again.

The voice of the rapid now burthens the air,
 Approach, for our prey's crowded city is there!
 Here whirlpools, there eddies, here stillness, there foam,
 We ply well our efforts—no farther we roam.
 Our baskets we fill, but our muscles are tired,
 And a shade in the sky tells that day has expired;
 The robin has chaunted his vespers and flown;
 The frog from the creek has commenc'd his trombone;
 The spider has ceas'd his slight furrow to show;
 The brown sprawling shrimp seeks the pebbles below;
 The bank then we clamber, our home-path resume,
 The torch-bearing fire-fly to lighten the gloom,
 And dreams of our sleep-fetter'd pillow restore
 Our day-sport, distorted but pleasing, once more.

There is more poetry and more power in our author's second volume. We note several pieces of exquisite description. Nice bits of scenery occur in frequent pages—glimpses of wood and water, rude mountain and cultivated valley—slips of prospect such as a painter's eye would seize upon and fasten in autumnal tints upon the intelligible canvass. Occasionally too, our author moralizes well upon the things which he describes, with a pure spirit, and that gentle solemnity which soothes and satisfies, without chilling or oppressing the heart. If there be one fault or defect more than another, that strikes us on the perusal of this volume, it is the vagueness of topic in which the author indulges whenever he resolves upon a moral essay. At such times and with such themes, he is as wandering and discursive, as, when his subjects are purely descriptive, he is close and concentrative. The contradiction is a curious one. Let the reader for example, compare the poem called "Nature," the first in this collection, with the descriptive poem entitled the "Mill," at page 29. Neither

of these pieces please us. The one seems wandering and purposeless to the last degree—vague and objectless, having no definite aim, but given up to musings, now of earth and sin, of heaven and the angels, of the progress of error and the centuries, and of philosophies and hopes taught by nature, who, in this way, covering all things and thoughts, is made to furnish our poet with his subject. The subject involves too many, and, as it fails to fix the thoughts of the poet, will scarcely command the attention of his reader. See, from the very first passage, in what difficulties our author involves himself.

"Nature—faint emblem of Omnipotence—
Shap'd by His hand—the shadow of His light,
The veil in which He wraps His majesty,
And through whose mantling folds He deigns to show,
Of His mysterious, awful attributes
And dazzling splendors, all man's feeble thought
Can grasp uncrush'd, or vision bear unquench'd—
She is the shrine of these, my offering songs."

Now what could any poet do with a proposition thus stated?—and accordingly, our author begins to wander the moment he starts. It is a theme quite too ambitiously chosen. The probability is that it was intended as a sort of preface to the collection, which is distinguished by the preponderance of materials drawn from external nature; and had Mr. Street qualified the subject by some such designation, and confined himself to the single topic with which he set out, the production would have been successful, harmonious, having a purpose, shown by progressive suggestions conducting to one end. Bryant begins one of his poems, with some such object, properly thus—

"Thou who would'st see the lovely and the wild,
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains."

Here the subject is stated, simply, without circumlocution, and both the poet, and him whom he conducts, know what they are after. Again, the opening of the celebrated poem, "Thanatopsis"—

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language," etc.

And, in the "Inscription for a Wood"—

"Stranger, etc. * * * Enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature."

The "Thanatopsis" is a moral disquisition—an eloquent exhortation upon the nature of life and immortality. The subject necessarily admits of much discursiveness, but the adherence of the author to its most prominent topic is singularly marked and rigid. In the other pieces, the topics are fixed and limited, and the first lines form texts as it were, by which the thoughts are fettered to the one theme, and if they move at all, commonly move in the prescribed direction. Now, wanting in some such self imposed limit and restraint, Mr. Street passes to soliloquy, from description to contemplation, from the elements to the angels, from God to man—and all this in the com-

pass of two pages. It follows, as matter of course, that no one of these topics can be discussed with even tolerable fairness—that the description and declaration must be vague—and moreover, that, in the constant transition of the theme, the mind of the reader must suffer from continual weariness. This, in spite of some fine lines, is the case with this poem. Turn we now to the other—that, in which the very adherence to details destroys all the poetical effect of the picture. Doubtless the details are true, but they cease to be descriptive—since a catalogue will never answer the purpose of a group.

Beside the narrow road that, winding, leads
From the broad arch'd highway, the humble mill
Rears its red-gabled front. The forest round
Has fallen beneath the axe, to shape the nook
For the sharp-pointed roof, and wood-built dam
Bridling the swampy streamlet to a pond,
Scattered with dead, jagg'd trees and splinter'd stumps
And floating logs, round which the frothy scum
And drooping weeds are gathered. Stagnant, still,
And gloomy seems the wide spread sheet, what time
The sliding gate is lower'd: the slimy flame
Looks dark; the waters trickle o'er the dam
Or gush from some wide fissure; and the mill
Is left to deepest silence. But when morn,
Bringing the daily task, uplifts the gate,
The scene like magic changes; the smooth pond
Breaks into slanting lines; the scum whirls round;
The rough, black logs sail, jostling, and the weeds
Stream in the dancing ripples: through the flume
The waters rush in foam, the dusky wheel
Whirls its huge circle, as the dashing flood
Leaps on its brackets; grate and hum succeed
Throughout the structure, till the daylight dies.
We enter in," etc.

This is enough to illustrate our objections. It does not alter the case or lessen these objections to show that the author has a moral, contained in some half dozen lines at the close, to the effect that, however rude and familiar, "this picture of the mill"—

"Industry
Hews its own place amidst this crowded world,
And standing in its humble path, sheds round,
Life, comfort by its presence."

The moral is one thing, the poetry another. A mill may be rendered quite as pleasing in verse, as we sometimes find it in a picture, and it does not need for this that it should be abandoned or in activity. It is in the art in both cases, by which its adjuncts and images are grouped—the merely offensive detached and discarded—the more agreeable disposed to attract the eye, and all so arrayed, with equal truth and felicity, as to contribute to the perfect wholeness of the main object on which it is intended that the eye shall repose. The object is to please, and this is not done by the mere enumeration of the features, or in the obtrusion of such as, under no circumstances, can afford satisfaction. The descriptive poet must assert the privileges of the landscape painter, who, if a dead tree obstructs his view

of the cottage, casts it down, and where the heights look bald and cold, dresses them up with groves, on which he contrives than an evening sun shall fling its most purple flushes.

We have lingered over Mr. Street's writings, because we take an interest in his muse. She is American, and individual, whenever he is willing that she should have her way. He too frequently forces her into foreign traces, yoking her to the cars of other poets whom he in no manner resembles. His chief merit lies in his descriptive passages, but he should remember not to be wholly descriptive. At all events, he must not merely accumulate the materials of the scene, but must study how to group them in proper dependancy and relation. If the poet, describing his heroine, would let you see in what her peculiar beauties consist, he does not content himself with telling you that she has blue eyes, insisting with old Isaac, in the *Duenna*, that they are two in number—that she has rosy lips, and a forehead of the purest snow. He goes farther, and by showing how these several features act upon each other, and by themselves—how the soul declares itself in the eye, and the intellect in the brow, and the affections in the gentle and half subdued quiver of the lip—he contrives to render moral his portrait, and to endow it, by certain other under touches, with a happy individuality. The painter of subordinate nature must do the same. He must endow his locality not only with the objects and essentials which may make it beautiful, but with the relationship of object with object, by which the beauty steals either imperceptibly, and by degrees upon the beholder, or strikes him, boldly, impressively, irresistibly, at the first glance of the eye. It is in the exquisite finish of his works that the poet of nature—(so called, but with doubtful propriety—for the poet of passion, and the moral world, is quite as much so, as is he who describes leaves, trees, and flowers)—acquires his chief claim upon our regards. His department is more humble than that of the genius who attempts the delineation of human passions and affections—he does not aim at the higher, the creative and the endowing excellencies of the muse. It is by his severe truthfulness, in the exquisite fastidiousness of his tastes, the nicety of his tact, the delicacy of his fancy—that he is to assert his pretension. If he fails, he has not the satisfaction of knowing that his attempts are somewhat consecrated by their audacity—that he has at least endeavored with the soul of the highest ambition, though he has failed of its rewards and conquests. Mr. Street has been praised so much for his descriptions of nature, that he has too much surrendered himself to them. In these, he frequently does excellently well. But he is good for something more. Let him attempt it. Let his studies be directed more to the material of the moral nature. Let him look into man. A course of the old English dramatists, frequent readings of Chaucer and Milton—may correct his present tendencies. If he reads Thompson, let him take the first canto of the "Castle of Indolence"—in preference to the *Seasons*—it is worth a dozen of them—and, as his imagination dilates with that of the fervent old masters of English passion, he will discover new resources in himself, in the development of which, he will find a more grateful

and more successful employment for his muse, than that in which she now engages. His knowledge of external nature will then become happily tributary to more imposing and much more legitimate designs, and instead of crowding his book with mute pictures, they will form themselves in the back-ground where they should be, more pleasing to the mind, and more likely to attract than now, when they cover all the canvass. It is but fair to say, that none of the specimens quoted of Mr. Street's verse, are quite equal to many of the pieces contained in this last collection. We had marked for publication the poem called "Onneko," a very rich and energetic strain of verse—"The Calicoon in autumn"—a warm, delightful descriptive sketch—"The Minisink"—a similar performance. In "White Lake," "An American Spring," "The Lost Hunter," "A Forest Walk," and several others, in which the descriptive portions rather too much prevail, there is yet a happy blending of traits and touches, such as are happily employed, by means of sentiment and fancy, to lift the merely natural into the picturesque and moral. But our limits forbid that we should give more than a single specimen from a volume, which, full of genuine poetry, is yet, from the arrangement, the choice of subject, the lack of artistical experience, and other causes, not likely to command that attention which its merits properly deserve. In the verses which follow, the reader will have a correct idea of the better style of our author's muse. Here, on a native theme, she shows herself equally true, bold, and graceful. The verse is felicitous and forcible, the images well chosen, and the descriptive portions are properly subdued to the wants of the subject.

THE SETTLER.

His echoing axe the Settler swung,
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering, down were flung,
The Titans of the wood;
Loud shriek'd the eagle as he dash'd
From out his mossy nest, which crash'd
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flash'd
On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb, and strong the frame
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
To form that garb, the wild-wood game
Contributed their spoil;
The soul that warm'd that frame, disdain'd
The tinsel, gaud, and glare, that reign'd
Where men their crowds collect;
The simple fur, untrimm'd unstain'd,
This forest tamer deck'd.

The paths which wound mid gorgeous trees,
The streams whose bright lips kiss'd their flowers,
The winds that swell'd their harmonies
Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast—the green arcade,
The nestling vale—the grassy glade,
Dark cave and swampy lair;
These scenes and sounds majestic, made
His world, his pleasures, there.

His roof adorn'd a pleasant spot,
 Mid the black logs green glow'd the grain,
 And herbs and plants the woods knew not,
 Throve in the sun and rain.
 The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
 The low—the bleat—the tinkling bell,
 All made a landscape strange,
 Which was the living chronicle
 Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at Spring's first tinge
 The rose of summer spread its glow,
 The maize hung on its Autumn fringe,
 Rude Winter brought his snow;
 And still the settler labored there,
 His shout and whistle woke the air,
 As cheerily he plied
 His garden spade, or drove his share
 Along the hillock's side.

He mark'd the fire-storm's blazing flood
 Roaring and crackling on its path,
 And scorching earth, and melting wood,
 Beneath its greedy wrath;
 He mark'd the rapid whirlwind shoot,
 Trampling the pine tree with its foot,
 And darkening thick the day,
 With streaming bough and sever'd root,
 Hurl'd whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yell'd, his rifle flash'd,
 The grim bear hush'd its savage growl,
 In blood and foam the panther gnash'd
 Its fangs, with dying howl;
 The fleet deer ceas'd its flying bound,
 Its snarling wolf foe bit the ground,
 And with its moaning cry,
 The beaver sank beneath the wound,
 Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race!
 When Liberty sent forth the cry,
 Who throng'd in conflict's deadliest place,
 To fight—to bleed—to die.
 Who cumber'd Bunker's height of red,
 By hope, through weary years were led,
 And witness'd Yorktown's sun
 Blaze on a Nation's banner spread,
 A Nation's freedom won.

~~~~~  
 INSCRIPTION.

O'er thee we rear no lofty tomb,  
 No marble bust adorns the shrine,  
 Where virtue's memory still must bloom,  
 Immortal as she is divine—  
 There, in the affections thou hast won,  
 A single flower to thee we rear,  
 First warm'd to life by rapture's sun,  
 Then kept in bloom by memory's tear

## ONSLow; OR THE PROTEGE OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

## AN HISTORICAL TRADITIONAL TALE OF THE SOUTH.

THE writing of Romances, connecting personages and events of history with fiction, is peculiar to the nineteenth century, and may claim Walter Scott as inventor. The class of novels, which became popular with *Amadis de Gaul*, and that which sprung up on the ruins of chivalry, were all works of mere fancy; not designed to record local traditions or transmit actual occurrences. This was the case with *Palmerin of Oliva*, *Boccaccio*, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and the more celebrated fictions of *Rabelais*. The later Italian and Spanish novels became mere pictures of real life; and in the works of *Fielding*, *Smollett*, *Richardson*, *Sterne*, and others, we find remarkable traits of society, and the various moral and political feelings of the times. It was reserved, however, for the abundant talent of *Walter Scott*, to dissipate all the prejudices existing with respect to books of this description; for, with an invention, knowledge of human nature, and brilliant imagination, superior to any novelist of the age, he sent forth a collection of writings, which did more for the times, scenes and events of which he wrote, than for his own fame, great as it is. There indeed never was, and never will be, a writer combining his talent, originality, poetry and truth. All since him have been, and are compelled to be, imitators; for he exhausted all the language, all the description, all the pathos, all the wit, if not all the plots, of English history.

Many, since the time of *Scott*, both in Europe and America, have followed the example of writing what are termed historical novels. In our own country, it has been the field for the display of much, very much superior writing talent: and in this way, an enduring record has been made of some of the daring feats and thrilling events, with which our early history abounds. For this, if no other reason, we hope to see this class of composition encouraged. The history of the republic, like that of every country, must be looked for in the local traditions of the times; and those when transferred to the page of the historian, are but taken from the mouths of the relators. Many events, however, taken singly, are too disconnected to suit the dignified and grave page of history. The novelist who gathers them up, and weaves them in the more graceful and exciting web of fiction, is not less patriotic than literary.

The work which is named at the head of this article, is of the class we have last alluded to. The high claims of the book to the good opinions of southern and western readers, have rendered persons anxious in enquiries of the author; and we take much pride in saying, that the name of the writer, in every thing which can recommend a noble heart and clear head to the favor of the public, will not suffer when connected with that of *Onslow*. *Dr. Samuel C. Oliver*, the writer of *Onslow*, is we believe, a native of Georgia, but long a citizen of *Montgomery county, Alabama*. He is young in life, probably not over thirty, and has for many years been known as a firm,

consistent, legislator, an eloquent and clear minded debater, and most exemplary citizen. This, his first literary enterprise has come before the world, under circumstances calculated to extend a knowledge of his merits far beyond the circle of his personal acquaintance. It is the work of an ardent patriot, taking an enthusiastic interest in the history of our revolutionary struggle, and of a true lover of letters.

The plot of the romance is designed to celebrate and record events of that struggle. Men need not suppose that American history is told in the pages of Botta, Bancroft, and others; or that all of American character is seen at Washington City. Such as look there for the traces of the events of our revolution, or for the moral, political, and religious feelings of the people, will see little of either. The battles of that time, and the sentiment, social and individual, of the people of this period, are found in the traditions and manners and customs of men, even in the wilds of the west. Our English kindred, when they criticise American manners or writings, draw their facts, either from some great national work, or from what they see and hear at the national capitol. If the morals, talents, oratory, statesmanship, and public or private standing of Americans are to become the subject of comment, the Senate or House of Representatives of the United States, is the great store house from which the materials are drawn. Now these are the last places in the Union to look for either. The American people, with a few exceptions, do not send their most talented, certainly not their best men to the seat of the national government: nor is that in any respects whatever, a place portraying the domestic manners of our people. This digression is indulged, because we think it certain, that some of the circumstances and personages, as well as the general style of conversation in Onslow, will be misunderstood by those who are unacquainted with the true state of American society.

If it be a true test of good writing, to copy nature as closely as possible, the author of Onslow has succeeded admirably. What can be more like the expressions and quaint phrases which we hear every day in the south-west, than those of Jimmy Jidder? And what a more faithful and true picture of the relation between the slave and his master, than that exhibited here? The comfort of the hut, and the ease of life, pictured in the case of Cato and Prudence, are seen all over the south and west. The slaves of the family are truly parts of the family—sharing its joys, grieving with its griefs, sheltered and fed from its abundance; and forming a relation most difficult and heart-rending to be severed. Will the assertion be believed, that in most families, no inducement could be offered a slave to leave his master's mansion—that the owner, rather looked to as the protector of the whole household, supports it from his own labors for years; mixing with them and participating in their holiday amusements? In all these matters the author of Onslow has been true to life. He has given us as correct a picture of domestic manners, of the conversations of the people, of the conduct, rights, and society of persons of different stations and relations, as Walter Scott ever drew. He has done so, no doubt, without design. Unlike many novelists and

poets, he has not gone above the heads of the people to describe their manners: he has not put language into their mouths unsuited to their condition and station: he has not drawn them in draperies, which disguise them, and shut out their resemblance to the creatures of the world. But they converse, dress, live and act, as such people would be expected to speak, clothe themselves, live, and act. So far as the various characters are concerned, none are introduced merely to swell the *dramatis personæ*—each is necessary in his part; all combine to the great object of embodying anecdotes illustrating the plot, and painting the manners of certain classes. Julian shows the case of one whose patriotism and love withstands every trial and temptation. In this, therefore, he is a noble guide for those, who in youth, feel most intensely the love of country, and of some pure sympathizing bosom. Julia is made a widow because, as such, many steps could be taken by her, which the world's propriety would deny to a young unmarried lady. She displays the power of beauty, and supports the character of Julian. St. Ille, Catharine, and Amelia, are perfect in their positions, and illustrate various characters, and the circumstances which influence and govern them. Conway exhibits in full character, the effects of indecision; and Capt. Gant is as good an Englishman as an American can pourtray. Taking the whole of the characters and the plot, we discover a most happy combination, and very just conception of the part of each.

In one respect, especially, Dr. Oliver has made a most happy innovation. It has often occurred to us, that one of the great faults of American novels, is the disposition to verbrage. We are taken through a dozen pages, while a very small part of the drama proceeds: we are pained and kept in suspense, in the almost endless disquisitions of the author, which no one cares to read, and which brings him, even if read, no profit whatever. No one takes up a novel to speculate upon science, philosophy, or mathematics—subjects which in the desire of some authors for an exhibition of learning, often takes up page upon page of his book. Now Dr. Oliver has boldly struck out from this path. His work contains nothing extraneous. Every page has its incident; every sentence its connection and necessity.

We hope to see many similar works from the pen of Dr. Oliver. He assuredly deserves well for this effort in the cause of south-western literature.

P.

*Tuscaloosa, Ala.*

#### EARLY GRIEF.

MUSE not that grief should so have power,  
To take the start of ready time,  
I tell thee care was all my dower,  
Ere life had well begun its prime,—

Muse not with fitful mood I start,  
When all are smiling round and blest;  
Ah! knowest thou not, how well the heart,  
May rob the wearied limbs of rest!

## FRAGMENT.

URGE me no more—her holy name,  
 I may not link with doubt impure,  
 Nor speak, if I must speak, in blame,  
 Save in the heart's sepulchral core;  
 There the high memory ever dwells,  
 Of what she was to love and me—  
 And bound beneath these ancient spells,  
 Of what she is, I may not see.  
 That olden thought shuts out the rest,  
 And gazes on the past alone,  
 As one beholds the cherished guest,  
 And sees his image still, though gone.  
 When she forgot, and stood no more  
 The star-like thing that once I knew,  
 I deem'd her days of being o'er,  
 And wept her, dead—but not untrue.  
 I cannot see her shame, though wrought,  
 With still unceasing wo to me,  
 For sorrow puts a spell on thought,  
 And gives it o'er to memory.

*Greendale, Ala.*

BERNARD HILTON.

## THE MARION FAMILY.

## NO. III.

*"This Will is certainly an amiable curiosity."—Weems.**"CIT.—Read the will! we will hear it—**"You shall read us the will—**"The will! the testament!"—Julius Caesar.*

## THE WILL OF THE HUGUENOT.

WE delay the expansion of our genealogical tree, in order to gratify the antiquarian or curious reader with a full view of the last will and testament of the Huguenot Marion, as well in its original garb of Provincial and badly spelt French, as in the more comely dress of an English translation. Before subjoining it, however, we proceed to give Weems' waggish and rather imaginative version or description of it. From the references to "the poor," and to "calves and lambs," "pigs and poultry," in the Reverend biographer's abstract or summary of the instrument, it is evident he must have heard something of its contents from members of the family; but he could not have seen it, for had he got a sight and perusal of it, he could scarcely have committed the blunder of calling the testator Gabriel, instead of Benjamin. It is equally evident that he must have suffered imagination to usurp the place of memory, or given the reins to his invincible propensity for romance, when he placed its substance on record. Here follows his humorous version or perversion of the venerable document, prefaced, however, with some very pious reflections.

"We have said that Marion left his country for the sake of his religion, which appears to have been of that cheerful sort for which a wise man would make any sacrifice. It was the religion of the gospel, that blessed philosophy which asks not a face of gloom, but a heart of joy. And thereunto enjoins a supreme love of God and a close walk with him in a pure and benevolent life. From this the genuine spring of all the sweetest charities and joys of life, Marion derived that cheerfulness, which appears never to have failed him. Even in his last will, where most men fancy they ought to be gloomy as the grave whither they are going, his cheerfulness continued to shine with undiminished lustre. It was like the setting of a cloudless sun, which, after pouring its fattening beams on the fields of a live-long summer's day, goes down in smiles to rise a brighter beauty on another day. This will is certainly an amiable curiosity, and as it may be of service to the reader by showing him how free and easy a good life makes a man with death, I record it, at least the principal features of it, as I got them from the family.

"After having, in the good old way, bequeathed "his soul to the God who gave it," and "his body to the earth out of which it was taken," he proceeds in the manner following:

"In the first place, as to debts, thank God, I owe none, and therefore shall give my executors but little trouble on that score.

"Secondly—As to the poor, I have always treated them as my brethren. My dear family will, I know, follow my example.

"Thirdly—As to the wealth with which God has been pleased to bless me and my dear Louisa and children, lovingly we have labored together for it; and now with a glad and grateful heart do I leave it among them.

"He then proceeds to the distribution, liberally to his children, but far more so to his wife—and at the end of each bequest assigns his reasons, viz:

"I give my ever beloved Louisa all my ready money—that she may never be alarmed at a sudden call.

"I give her all my fat calves and lambs, pigs and poultry—that she may always keep a good table.

"I give her my carriage and horses—that she may visit her friends in comfort.

"I give her my family bible—that she may live above the ill tempers of life.

"I give my son Peter a horn-book—for I am afraid he will always be a dunce.

"But Peter was so stung with this little squib that he instantly quit his Maccoon hunting by nights and betook himself to reading, and soon became a very sensible and charming young man."

There is a curious blending of truth and fiction in these very free translations, or rather inventions of passages, in this old French will. The piety, of which it is redolent, is for the most part faithfully reflected—the passage about the "family Bible" being a slight aberration, pardonable perhaps for the excellent lesson it imparts. The affection of the testator for his wife is another of the verities—disclosed by his care for her comfort, his eulogy of her virtue and piety, his solemn committal of her to the charge of his son Peter, and even his jealousy of her marrying again, and especially his injunction to lay her mortal remains by the side of his own; but we cannot find any evidence of that large liberality to her—far more than to his children—of which the biographer speaks, in a will which consigns her to widowhood for life, under pain of forfeiting her executorship and of expulsion from the family home-stead. "The new carriage and horses" were a pure imagination—country ladies, who, in those days, presided at the spinning wheel and the loom, were content with "riding-horses," and seldom aspired to roll in the luxurious coach—and we doubt much whether the honest and worthy Huguenot ever owned a vehicle of more pretension than a wagon. It was literally a time for the application of the old couplet—

"When Adam delved and Eve span:  
Who was then the gentleman?"

The squib, too, or sarcasm, which the waggish parson\* cast at poor Peter was downright scandal; the testator so far from dubbing him a dunce, and bequeathing him a horn-book, actually constituting him his chief executor, and committing to him, under a strong and impressive Scriptural injunction, the care of his mother and sisters. In fine the whole antithetical character of the instrument had no other origin than the inventive and racy humor of a writer who thought it no treason against history or biography to give play to fancy for the embellishment of truth. The correctness of our strictures on the reverend biographer, towards whom we have only fulfilled the Shakspearian precept—"Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice," will appear from the instrument itself, which he so oddly caricatured, but which he nevertheless truly characterized as "an amiable curiosity."

#### THE WILL IN FRENCH.

*Indorsed—"Testament de B. Marion, fait a sa Plantation ce 13 de Janvier, 1734"*

"Au nom Du pere et du fils et du S'esprit amen.

"Sachent quil ni a rien de plus certain que la mort ni de plus incertain que lhure disselle me frueent grace du Seigneur sain de Judgment et dentendement Jay fait mon testament comme il sen suit promierement je recoumende mon ame a Dieu le prient de me faire misericorde pour la mours de mon Sauveur Jusus Christ a lesgard de mon corps je la bonbonne a la terre laisen le soin de ma sespulture a ma famme et mes enfens.

"ARTICLE PROMIERS.—A Lesgard de mes biens Jordonne Promierement que mes Exequatur donneront au pauvre samquante piece que mes Exetururs Jugerons en avoir le plus de besoin Jordonne ausy que toute me legitisme dette soit toute payé.

"ARTICLE SECONS.—Je Desclare que lors que Jay aitably mon fils Gabriel et ma fillie Gignilleat Je leurs ait Donne en concience tout se que Je pouvois leurs donner alors mais de plus Je donne a mon fil Gabriel une Obligations de deux sens senquente piessie et tout linteret il sera quite aveq mes enfens et a lesgard de ma fillie Gignilleat Javois promis un naigre a ma petite fillie Ester Gignilleat lors quelle seroit en an agé ou mariée mais ayent Juge mieux a propos davoit plustost une June negresse que le naigre meme le pere la choisy il lon noume Siles Je la donne dont a ma petite fillie Ester Gignilleat en disposer come bon luy semblera.

"ARTICLE 3.—Je desclare avoir aitably mon fils Jean et mon fils Benjamin je leur ait doné chacun sens et samq arcre des terre que javois ageté de Mr. John Gibbs aveq chacun trois naigre bestieau berbis cheveux cavalle en fain tout ce qui faut pour une nouvelle plantation mais quatil arive apres quelque anné mon fils Jean ne peuvent rien faire de sus a vendu sa terre a Mons. Izard et nayent plus de terre jay aite oblige de luy lesser avoir lusage de sens accre que jay a wesmesaw joignent selle que jay donne a mon fils poul Jusque a se quil soit pourveux ont corservera les chene blan et rouge quar Jennay gran besoin pour lusage de cette plantations isy.

"ARTICLE 4.—Je desclare qua lesgard de mon fils benjamin je luy ait donne tout autems come jay fait a mon fils Jean en naigre en terre en tout autre chose mais quatil arive il la ausy vendu sa terre de sens et samq arcre de terre pour la

\* When Weems was in Charleston, collecting the subscription money for his "Life of Washington," he called at the compting-house of the late James Macbeth, Esq., and not meeting him, left on his desk the following notice—

— "If Macbeth does not pay up his subscription to 'The Life of Washington' he may expect frequent visits from 'BANQUO'S GHOST.'"



somme de six sens pieszee que jay a Jete de luy maimme or voisy le payemen premieremen il me devoit deux sens pieszee dont je le bien quite et ses airitiers et a lesgard des quatre sens piezee voisi comme ont a fait benjamin devoit au enfans de Desfaite pierre gueram quatre sens piezee le reste dunne bende de huit sens piezee si bien que le Restre de sette Obligation qui ait quatre sens piezee je la pren sur moy pour enfaire entierement payemen mes Eritiers ainsy je tien quite mon fils benjamin et ses airitiers le deschargen entierement des six sens piezee et ses Eritiers ainsy la terre de sens et sam accres de terre Retourne a moy pour en disposer selon ma vollonte.

"ARTICLE 5.—A lesgard de mon fils Poul je luy ait donne deux sens accres de terre a Wesmesaw joignent sette que jay vendu a Mons. brathon a disposer a sa vollonte il a eux ausy autems de naigre et tout autre chose come ses fraire ont eux.

"ARTICLE 6.—A lesgard de ma fillie Marie Je Desclare en la marient que je luy donn   un naigre qui sa pelle gools et sa fame Susy et trois enfans presmes Seray et filly et les autre enfans quelle pourra avoir Je les ait donne aveq autre chose pour son mesnage le tout a ma fillie marie pour en disposer selon sa vollont.

"ARTICLE 7.—tous mes enfans qui sont dehors et qui ont eux leur portions ne doiven attendre un Joto Davantage de se qui Reste Jordonne quon achete a ma petite fillie nensy une June naigresse de son ag  e et quont luy donne son entre-tiens et son Ecole.

"ARTICLE 8.—A lesgard de mes autre trois fillies savoir ane Elissabeth et Judic en les marient chacune aura tout autens que leur seour Marie a eux ou la valleurs.

"ARTICLE 9.—A lesgard de machere famme Je luy donne papa Gigny et ses deux dernier enfans savoir leac et Lissette a en disposer selon son plesir mais voissy une rude article et ne puis men disposer sait que si ma famme venoit a se marier quil faut quelle sorte aveq ce que je luy ait donne ses chevaux et son menage ne seroit il pas chose injuste qun aitrenger viendroir dissiper le bien quil na point gangne mais Jay millieure Opinion de ma fame et Je croy quelle de murera veuve vertueue gouvrenen sa famiellie en la crainte de dieu coume elle a tousjours fait si elle fait sela come je lespere, je la consitu Exequtrise administratrice aveq mon fils pierre et mon fils Jacque lors quil sera en age de plus je donne a ma famme tout les agneaux et veaux et autre viende qui se vendra au boucher pour avoir ses petite comodite sur toute choses mon chere fils pierre je vous Ordonne de ne lesser menquer, ni vos seurs selon leurs condission ni vostre chere mere qui vous a elleve aveq une si grand douleurs si vous le fait le Seigneur vous en benira et ores une bonne reputation en se monde et si vous le faite pas les petits corbeau du desser vienderons vous arracher les yeux.

"ARTICLE 10.—touschent que que argenterie de Realle bage pierrerie—tout ses petite chose—son a ma fame et pour ma tasse dargen Je la donne a mon pierre et pour les huit Ecus de poche et quachet pierre et Jacque les partagerons pour mes boucle dargen Je les donne a mon fils Jacque et lorsque Dieu oras Retire vostre mere de se monde nous ne menquere pas de lenterrer conte moi.

"ARTICLE 11.—Apr  s dont la mort de ma fame mon fils pierre et mon Jacque orons tout Je leur donne toute mes terre qui sont isy en gooskric et les sens accre a wesmesaw tous les naigre avec tout seus qui sa cheteron jusque au partage tout le baitaill berbis chevaux et tout autre chose muble et unmuble pierre doit avoir le chois des deux plantation et si Jacque venoit a mourir sen enfans le tout sera a pierre muble et unmuble mais la meme chose doit aitre ausy que si pierre meur sen aitre marie le tout sera aussi muble et unmuble a mon fils Jacque Si mon fils pierre veut sa marier se la ne doit nullemen en paicher sa famme sera en la maison la maimme chose que ma famme et mes fiellie.

"ARTICLES DERNIERS.—Fait en caroline sur ma plantation se 13 Janviers 1734 Je desclare que sesy ait mon derniers Testament et que tout autre sera de nulle valeur et veut quil soit Exequte de poin en poin en fois de quoy Jay signe et sele de mon presen seau en presence de—

B. MARION

[B. M.]

Sign   et selle en presence

De

Peter Gu  rin

Jas. Sanders

Daniel Galiot

"Before the Hon. Thomas Broughton, Esqr., Lieutenant Governor, by virtue of a Dedimus to him directed, by his Excellency the Governor, May 2nd, 1735—Personally came and appeared Peter Guerin and Daniel Galliot, being two of the Evidences to the last Will and testament above written, and being sworn on the Holy Evangelist, declared they were present and saw the above named Benjamin Marion sign seal publish and declare the above instrument to be and contain his last Will and testament and that he was at the same time of sound and disposing mind, memory and understanding, to the best of deponents' knowledge and belief and that they severally subscribed their names as witness together with James Sanders the other witness in presence of the said testator and at his request.

THOS. BROUGHTON, Presdt."

#### TRANSLATION OF THE WILL.

*Indorsed—"The Will of B. Marion, made at his plantation 13 January, 1734."*

"In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, Amen!—Knowing that there is nothing more certain than death, nor more uncertain than the hour of it; finding myself, thanks to the Lord, sound in judgment and understanding, I have made my will, as follows: First I recommend my soul to God, praying Him to have mercy on me for the love of my Saviour, Jesus Christ. With regard to my body I commit it to the earth, leaving the care of my burial to my wife and my children.

ARTICLE 1.—With regard to my property I direct, in the first place, that my executors shall give to the poor fifty pieces, whom my executors shall judge to have the most need of them. I direct also that all my lawful debts be all paid.

ARTICLE 2.—I declare that when I settled my son Gabriel and my daughter Gignilleat, I gave them in conscience all that I could then give them, but I give, moreover, to my son Gabriel, a Bond of two hundred and fifty pieces and all the interest,—he shall be acquitted with my children. And with regard to my daughter Gignilleat, I promised a *negro* to my grand-daughter Esther Gignilleat, when she should be of age, or marry. But having deemed it more fitting that she should have rather a young *negress* than the said *negro*, her father has chosen one named Scilly. I give her therefore to my grand-daughter Esther Giguilleat to dispose of as to her shall seem good.

ARTICLE 3.—I declare that I have settled my son John and my son Benjamin. I gave them each one hundred and five acres of the land that I bought of Mr. John Gibbs, with three negroes each, cattle, sheep, mares, in fine every thing necessary for a new plantation. But what has happened, after some years? My son John, not having been able to make any thing of the same sold his land to Mr. Izard, and he having no more land, I was obliged to let him have the use of a hundred acres that I have at Wasmasaw (joining that which I gave to my son Paul), until he should be provided. He must preserve the white and red oaks, for I have great need of them for the use of this plantation here.

ARTICLE 4.—I declare, that as regards my son Benjamin, I gave him every thing the same as I gave my son John, in negroes, in land, in all other things. But what has happened? He also has sold his tract of one hundred and five acres of land for the sum of six hundred pieces, which I bought of him myself; and here is the payment—In the first place he owed me two hundred pieces, of which I wholly acquit him and his heirs; and with regard to the four hundred pieces here is how it was managed—Benjamin owed the children of the deceased Peter Guerin four hundred pieces, the balance of a bond of eight hundred pieces—so of the residue of that bond, which was four hundred pieces, I took it on myself to make the entire payment, and my heirs—so I hold my son Benjamin and his heirs acquitted, discharging him and his heirs entirely from the six hundred pieces. So the tract of one hundred and five acres of land returns to me, to be disposed of according to my pleasure.

ARTICLE 5.—With regard to my son Paul, I gave him two hundred acres of land at Wasmasaw (joining that which I sold to Mr. Brathon,) to dispose of at his pleasure. He has had also the same, in negroes and all other things, as his brothers have had.

ARTICLE 6.—With regard to my daughter Mary, I declare on marrying her that I give (or gave) her a negro called Gold, and his wife Susy and three children, Primus, Sary and Phillis, and the other children that she may have.

I give (or gave) them to her with other things for her household—the whole to my daughter Mary to dispose of according to her pleasure.

ARTICLE 7.—All my children who are not under my roof, and who have received their portions, must not expect one jot more of what remains. I direct that there be bought for my grand-daughter Nancy, a young negress of her [own] age, and that she be given her maintenance and her schooling.

ARTICLE 8.—With regard to my other three daughters, Anne, Elizabeth and Judith, on marrying they shall each have every thing the same as their sister Mary has had, or the value.

ARTICLE 9.—With regard to my dear wife I give her papy Jenny and her two last children, namely Isaac and Lisette, to dispose of them according to her pleasure. But here is (*une rude article*) a nice point—if my wife should happen to marry [again], she must depart with what I have given her, her horses and her furniture. Would it not be an unjust thing that a stranger should squander property that he had not earned? But I believe better things of my wife—I believe that she will live a virtuous widow, governing her family in the fear of God as she has always done. If she does so as I hope, I appoint her my *administrative* executrix, and my son Peter, and my son James when he shall be of age. Moreover, I give to my dear wife all the calves and lambs and other provisions [*autre viande*, the “pigs and poultry” of Weems], which she shall sell to the butcher [*pour avoir ses petites commodités*] to have her little conveniences. Above all things, my dear son Peter, I enjoin you never to let any thing be wanting, neither to your sisters, according to their condition, nor your dear mother, who has reared you [*aveu si grands douleurs*] with such great pains. If you do so, the Lord will bless you and give you a good reputation in this world, and if you do not, the young ravens of the desert will come and pick out your eyes.

ARTICLE 10.—Touching some sterling plate, rings, precious stones—all these little things—they are for my wife; and as to my silver cup I give it to my [son] Peter; and as to the eight pocket-crowns and seal, Peter and James shall share them. As to my silver buckles, I give them to my son James;—and when God shall take your mother from this world, you will not fail to bury her by my side.

ARTICLE 11.—After the death of my wife, my son Peter and my [son] James shall have every thing I give them—all my lands which are here in Goosecreek, and the hundred acres at Wasmasaw—all the negroes, with all those that shall be bought until the division—all the cattle, sheep, horses and every other thing, moveable and immoveable. Peter is to have the choice of the two plantations; and if James should happen to die without children, the whole will be for Peter, moveable and immoveable. But the same thing must take place also, if Peter die, without being married—the whole shall be also, moveable and immoveable, for my son James. If my son Peter wishes to marry, this should in no wise prevent—his wife will be in the house the same thing as my wife and my daughter.

ARTICLE LAST.—Made in Carolina, on my plantation, this 13 January, 1734. I declare that this is my last will and every other shall be of no effect; and I wish that it be executed [*de point en point*] to the very letter. In faith of which I have signed and sealed with my present seal in presence of—

B. MARION. [B. M.]

Signed and sealed in presence

of

Peter Guerin  
Jas. Sanders  
Daniel Galiot.

#### BENJAMIN MARION'S INVENTORY.

D. D. D. No. 15.

A true and perfect Inventory and appraisement of all and singular the goods, rights and credits of Benjamin Marion, deceased, taken by us whose names are hereunder written, this 21st day of July, 1735, viz:

|    |                            |       |
|----|----------------------------|-------|
| To | one negro man named Beesem | £ 400 |
| To | “ Couper                   | 300   |
| To | “ Cabto                    | 270   |
| To | “ Sambo                    | 220   |

|                                                            |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| To one negro man named Prince                              | 200  |
| To " " Fryday                                              | 230  |
| To " " Josey                                               | 300  |
| To " " Monday                                              | 230  |
| To " " Sippeo                                              | 230  |
| To " " Henry                                               | 200  |
| To " " Roben                                               | 100  |
| To " " Arkillous                                           | 150  |
| To one negro boy named Tobee                               | 160  |
| To " " " Classior                                          | 140  |
| To " " " Isaac                                             | 100  |
| To " " " Tom                                               | 90   |
| To " " " Bram                                              | 80   |
| To " " " Bristo                                            | 50   |
| To " " " Primus                                            | 60   |
| To one do. girl named Willibee                             | 50   |
| To " " " Lizett                                            | 250  |
| To one do. woman named Dianna                              | 200  |
| To one do. girl " Hannah                                   | 230  |
| To " " " " Bella                                           | 180  |
| To " " " " Sebyna                                          | 130  |
| To one do. woman named Filliss                             | 100  |
| To one " " " Papy Jeinny                                   | 200  |
| To one do. girl " Sally                                    | 50   |
| To one do. women " Surga Jenny                             | 40   |
| To one do. " " Susanna                                     | 50   |
| To one do. man " Gold                                      | 270  |
| To one do. boy " Mostafa                                   | 140  |
| To seven ox                                                | 112  |
| To eight Steer                                             | 56   |
| To nine heaffer                                            | 45   |
| To nineteen Cows and Caves                                 | 190  |
| To three Cows                                              | 21   |
| To Sixty four Sheep                                        | 96   |
| To Stack of horses                                         | 256  |
| To Stack of hogs                                           | 20   |
| To four Guns                                               | 35   |
| To a parsel of French and Enghless Books                   | 40   |
| To a parsel of Silver                                      | 28   |
| To a silver pen and buttons                                | 3    |
| To a set of tee Spuns and silver cup                       | 18   |
| To a parsel Razors, haucks bile and scarifi-<br>cate       | 4    |
| To three Spoon Mole                                        | 6    |
| To a parsel of Clap Knives                                 | 3    |
| To two press                                               | 8    |
| To one stand Dish and Sun Glass                            | 1 10 |
| To one Bed and furniture and table                         | 25   |
| To another Bed and furniture and tables                    | 50   |
| To house-hold lining                                       | 12   |
| To two looking glasses and pictures, baxes<br>and sundries | 10   |
| To another Bed and furniture and tables                    | 30   |
| To two Beds and furniture and table                        | 31   |
| To two tables and a Bench twelve Chear and<br>Chist        | 11   |
| To three Sives                                             | 3 10 |
| To putere wheare                                           | 13   |
| To Brass wheare                                            | 14   |
| To a pear of Steeliard Shears and Spice mill               | 4    |
| To Chena wheare                                            | 10   |
| To Kives and forks                                         | 3    |
| To smouding Irons and Kitle                                | 6    |

|                                                                        |               |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| To earthen and stone wheare                                            | 10            |
| To hoes and axes                                                       | 13            |
| To a Coper and three feett                                             | 20            |
| To two pear hand Iron grid Iron, thongs,<br>Shouevel, Spitt and frypan | 8 10          |
| To two looms and tackling                                              | 20            |
| To a parsel of flax                                                    | 8             |
| To half grose Bottle and Joggs quart pott and<br>scales weatts         | 8             |
| To two flax wheels                                                     | 4             |
| To Roggs and blanketts                                                 | 9             |
| To Glister pipes                                                       | 2             |
| To twelve sickle                                                       | 3             |
| To old guns                                                            | 3             |
| To Corks and Reals, and Curten Rods                                    | 4             |
| To a parsel of wool                                                    | 12            |
| To lucks and hinchers and bax                                          | 2             |
| To four potts                                                          | 4             |
| To plow, yokes, cheans, Bolt and Clevy                                 | 15            |
| To an old Cart                                                         | 8             |
| To two Seats of Wages and Mole Rings                                   | 7 13          |
| To two spinning weels                                                  | 4             |
| To three weep Saws and a Cross Cut Saw                                 | 23 10         |
| To a sett of Coopers tools                                             | 10            |
| To a pote Rack                                                         | 1 10          |
| To a parsel of Carpenters Tools                                        | 5             |
| To a sett of Smith tools                                               | 20            |
| To four wousted combs                                                  | 1             |
| To sett of Joyner tools                                                | 11            |
| To six Cart hoops                                                      | 8             |
| To a parsel of old Iron                                                | 20            |
| To a pear of Mill Stone and Grind Stone                                | 7             |
| To a Corn Mill and needling trough and two<br>Large Botles             | 14 5          |
|                                                                        | <hr/> £6851 7 |

Matthew Baird  
Gedeon Fauchereaud  
Wm. Cater.

## MARY MARION'S INVENTORY.

An Appraisement of the Estate of Mary Marion, Deceased, as shewed us by the Administrator, Benjamin Marion, this 1st December, 1750.

|                                                                                                                           |                |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| 17 ounces of Old Silver at 35s. pr ounce                                                                                  | £29 15 0       |
| A parcell of Stone buttons and false stones                                                                               | 0 5 0          |
| 3 pair Spectacles, 2 Knives, a Snuff Box, Grater, 2 pockett Books and<br>a Little Trunk                                   | 1 5 0          |
| 2 pair Stockings, a Ball of Yarn, a small Quantity of Thread, a par-<br>cell of Knetting Needles and a french prayer Book | 1 10 0         |
| 7 Old Napkins, 2 old pillow Cases and one Sheet                                                                           | 3 0 0          |
| 1 Old suit Cotton Curtains                                                                                                | 2 2 6          |
| 2 Cedar Boxes                                                                                                             | 2 0 0          |
| 1 Tea Boyler without a Cover                                                                                              | 1 5 0          |
| 1 Bed Bolster and one old Blankett                                                                                        | 10 0 0         |
| 7 Ganders and 2 Geese                                                                                                     | 1 15 0         |
| 1 Old Grey Horse and an old side Saddle                                                                                   | 1 0 0          |
|                                                                                                                           | <hr/> £53 17 6 |

## NEGROES. VIZT.

|                                 |                 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| One Old Negro Woman named Jenny | £10 0 0         |
| One Woman named Lizette         | 200 0 0—210 0 0 |
|                                 | £263 0 0        |

Returned to Benj. Marion, Administrator, this 1st December, 1750, by us.

JAMES CORDES  
JOHN CAHUSAC  
JNO. CORDES.

SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE, }  
Charleston, So. Ca., Feb'ry. 6th, 1845. }

The foregoing is a correct copy taken from the original Inventory, filed in this office, in parcel G. G. G. G. No. 45. Examined and Certified by  
THOS. S. JONES, Dep. Sec'y. State.

N. B. We have exhumed from the dust of a century another old record, shedding additional light on the component parts and the locality of the original Goose Creek plantation of the Huguenot, and confirming the conclusion that it now forms part of the Northern portion of the "The Elms", owned by Dr. Geddings, who will doubtless value it the more for its antiquarian associations. It is a memorial of his landed possessions, entered in the Auditor's office, on the 18th May, 1733, by Benjamin Marion, and is more definite in dates and boundaries than any document to which we have hitherto referred on the same head. It describes the memorialist as the owner in all of five hundred and twenty-five acres of land, viz: 1. A tract of two hundred and twenty acres, in St. James', Goose Creek, Berkley county, situate on the western branch of Goose Creek, conveyed to Benjamin Marion, by Isaac Fleury, February 22, 1712-13—bounded east and north on land of Ralph Izard, south on land of John Moore, west on land of Robert Adams, the conveyance being witnessed by Abraham De La Plain, John Stone and Thomas Sparks, and probate annexed by Arthur Middleton, Esq. 2. A tract of one hundred acres, in the Parish and county aforesaid, vested in Benjamin Marion, by a grant under the hand and seal of the Hon. Sir Nathaniel Johnson, Knight, dated May 5, 1704, and witnessed by Nathaniel Johnson, James Moore, and Nicholas Trott—the precept or warrant for which was issued March 14, 1704, bounded east on land of Ralph Izard, north on land of Ralph Izard, west and south on land of Benjamin Marion. 3. A tract of one hundred acres, at the head of Goose Creek, part of a tract of two hundred and thirty acres, which John Gibbs conveyed to Benjamin Marion, April 5, 1720, bounded north on land of John Gibbs, north-west on land of Peter Bacott, south-west on land of Benjamin Marion, and south-east on land of Ralph Izard, of which two hundred and thirty acres Benjamin Marion sold one hundred and fifteen acres to Ralph Izard, but when the land was run, there were only two hundred and ten acres, of which there then remained in possession of Benjamin Marion but one hundred and five acres—the conveyance witnessed by Thomas Cordes, John Rutlings and Peter Bacott, and probate annexed by Arthur Middleton, Esq. 4. A tract of one hundred acres, in said Parish, part of a tract of five

hundred acres, granted to Benjamin Marion, June 28, 1711, by the Hon. Robert Gibbs, Esq.; bounded south-west on land of Gabriel Marion, north-west, south-east, and north-east, on land not then laid out—the grant witnessed by Robert Gibbs, John Gibbs, Samuel Eveleigh, Stephen Gibbs and Charles Burnham—of which five hundred acres Benjamin Marion sold two hundred to Capt. Nathaniel Broughton, and conveyed two hundred, by deed of gift, to his son Peter Marion, so that there then remained to Benjamin Marion but one hundred acres.

R. Y.

FAREWELL.—A FRAGMENT.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

WATERS, which I have drank from in the hour,  
 The precious hour of childhood; I must fly,  
 Your dear delights, and that o'erhanging bower,  
 That veil'd your banks from heats of summer sky;  
 And thou, of fairy flowers the fairest flower—  
 Rose, I have watched with never sated eye,  
 Farewell! perchance, for a long season—we  
 Must part to consummate our destiny.

Our destiny!—and does that doom, alas!  
 Tear us apart forever? Bitterest lot,  
 From out the presence of the loved to pass,  
 Forgot perchance, and yet, forgetting not;—  
 To mingle with the busy reckless mass,  
 To feel the heart's best pages one wide blot,  
 To wake to wo, and dream of wo again,  
 And find each change of being change of pain.

To struggle on with bad and bitter men,  
 Still hopeless of the conflict, and to know  
 The city but a desert or a den,  
 Where the wolf howls, the serpent crawls, the foe,  
 Crouches familiar, as in native fen,  
 Uncheck'd by crowds, still prompt with hate and blow—  
 Life but a living danger, where delight,  
 If born, is nursed in bitterness and blight.

To find too many round us, yet complain,  
 That in the thousand there is one too few;  
 And look with sleepless eye, and still in vain,  
 For that lost presence, which we ne'er shall view,  
 Perchance, along the green of life again—  
 She in whose smile our first affections grew,  
 So noted in their innocence and strength,  
 That she become a part of them at length.



## EDITORIAL BUREAU.

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### CONTROVERSY BETWEEN MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH-CAROLINA.

AN examination, by a member of Congress from South-Carolina, of the controversy between Massachusetts and the former State, in a comprehensive octavo pamphlet. The case is well argued, according to the laws of common sense, the constitution, and the common laws of nations. But we scarcely care to argue it with the abolitionists. The whole case is comprised in a nut shell. South-Carolina, for her own safety, passes a law, in the nature of a police regulation, having this object. It does not matter whether the measure adopted is an efficient one or not. It is enough that the Legislature of South-Carolina esteems it so. Massachusetts does not relish this law. Two parties, contending in that State for dominancy, desirous of securing the votes of the third or abolition party, pass an enactment by which this law of South-Carolina is to be assailed, and if possible rendered null. In carrying out this enactment, an agent is sent to South-Carolina, who is warned by the civil authorities to quit in twenty-four hours. He does so, and here the matter rests. Massachusetts salves her hurts of honor by passing certain grave and reproachful resolutions which will scarcely receive the attention of the State of which she complains. The summary proceeding of South-Carolina was based on her conviction of the necessity of the case—a conviction which justified her actions on better grounds than any which we care to look for in the law books. Massachusetts blundered in adopting the impertinence of a small and factious party among her citizens; and South-Carolina promptly availed herself of the first opportunity to retort upon the sovereign State, the indignities which she had been compelled to bear without notice, coming from some of the people thereof. Massachusetts owes it to herself that she has been subjected to this indignity. It will teach her the danger of suffering her parties to lend the name and power of the State, for the purpose of buying up the votes of a faction. [J. & G. S. GIDEON, Washington.

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### MARY SCHWEIDLER, THE AMBER WITCH. WILEY & PUTNAM.

MEINHOLD, a doctor of Theology, in Pomerania, has, in the publication of this volume most effectually bamboozled all that blockhead tribe of critics who dwell so learnedly and authoritatively upon the particular style and manner of an author. He has imposed upon them a delightful fiction for a true history. The story of the imposition is briefly this. In 1826 he wrote a small treatise, intended to illustrate the history of witchcraft. His materials were of unquestionable origin—his deductions indisputable. But an arbitrary decision of the "Censor of the Press" denied the right of publication. After a decent interval, the author threw his materials into a new form, gave his book another title, and was permitted to give it to the press without any obstacle. His work most effectually mystified the rationalists—those miserable pretenders who claim to identify the author by

his style, and to be able to distinguish the antique from the new. They seized upon his fiction for a real history, and are not to be persuaded that it is not. The proofs of Dr. MEINHOLD are, however, conclusive; and his book has at once given him a high place with that class of writers of fiction of whom Defoe and Goldsmith are the best representatives. The "Amber Witch" is one of those delightful stories which appeal to the heart and the affections rather than the fancy. It is a tale, the materials of which are chiefly taken from humble life. The secret of the author is never to lose sight of the most ordinary probabilities, and so to insist upon details in his progress, that you insensibly yield yourself to his art, and forego all the vigilance by which its exercise is to be detected. The use which is made of the popular faith in witchcraft, while it contributes to the great and exciting interest of the narrative, enables the reader, at the same time, to form a very correct idea of this miserable superstition, of the terrors and crimes which it occasioned, the manner of its ravages, and the way in which it was finally dealt with. The "Amber Witch" forms the second number of the Library of Choice Reading.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED. Now first collected. By RUFUS W. GRIESEL. NEW-YORK: HENRY G. LANGLEY. 1844.

THIS author, of whose writings a collection is now made, for the first time, belongs to the class of minor English poets. He is a writer of playful and capricious fancy, who mingles the *fantastique* and the grotesque with considerable felicity in his imaginative performances. The gloomy machinery of German romance he makes useful in his own, without suffering it to be gloomy. He deprives his spectres of the power of mischief, takes from the *diablerie* its darkness, and, without lessening the mysterious in his scheme, rejects most of its terrific properties. He makes fun of his fancies,—his muse is a good-humoured goblin,—a sort of feminine Puck,—a creature to beguile and worry, but not to injure or destroy. The story of "Lillian," by which he is chiefly known to us, and which is one of the best, as it is the first, of the pieces in this collection, is of this character. It is a clever modern *Gothique* in verse, owing its origin to the ludicrous requisition of a bevy of fair ladies, by which the following difficult text was proposed for elaboration, to the genius of the poet:

"A dragoon's tail is flayed to warm  
A headless maiden's heart."

Queer and ridiculous as was the subject, the poet does not quail beneath it. He works out the problem with no little grace and ingenuity, proving, at the same time, with his ease, the facility of his verse and the liveliness of his fancy. This poem is followed by several others in the same vein. It is in this vein that our author is chiefly successful. But he is not wanting in grace and spirit when he appears in a sentimental attitude. The volume, which is got up by the publishers in very pretty style, and would make an appropriate gift from the young to the beautiful, contains several smaller pieces, some of which are sweet and thoughtful. One of these we select as a fair specimen. It is framed upon a mournful text, often quoted, from DANTE's exquisite episode of Francesca da Rimini:

"Nessun maggior dolore,  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria,"—

which may be rendered :

"The greatest grief  
Is to remember, in our hours of wo,  
How blest we have been."

Before giving the verses of Mr. PRAED, illustrative of this touching epigraph, we have to regret that the sheets of this volume should have been left so frequently incorrect. In the three Italian lines above quoted, there are no less than three errors, and others equally offensive meet us in our progress through the volume :

#### MEMORY.

Stand on a funeral mound,  
Far, far from all that love thee;  
With a barren heath around,  
And a cypress bower above thee:  
And think, while the sad wind frets,  
And the night in cold gloom closes,  
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets,  
Of summer, and summer's roses.

Sleep where the thunders fly  
Across the tossing billow;  
They canopy the sky,  
And the lonely deck they pillow;  
And dream, while the chill sea foam  
In mockery dashes o'er thee,  
Of the cheerful hearth and the quiet home,  
And the kiss of her that bore thee.

Watch in the deepest cell  
Of the foeman's dungeon tower,  
Till hope's most cherished spell  
Has lost its cheering power;  
And sing, while the galling chain  
On every stiff limb freezes,  
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain,  
Of the breath of the mountain breezes.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,  
The warrior's high endeavour,  
When the honied lips are mute,  
And the strong arm crush'd forever.  
Look back to the summer sun,  
From the mist of dark December;  
Then say to the broken-hearted one,  
'Tis pleasant to remember."

#### NAMING THE NATION.

THE want of a distinctive and appropriate name for our nation, has been felt, and must continue to be by our people, as well at home as when they go abroad. Our politicians and poets acknowledge the equal awkwardness and inappropriateness of any of the names by which we are now designated? Are we Americans? So are the people of Mexico. Are we the people of the United States? So are the Mexicans. We can appropriate to ourselves neither of these names as peculiar and distinctive. We share them with no less than half a dozen other communities. Our only title abroad, and one which, however decent it may be in one sense or another, is one that few of us care to acknowledge,—is Yankee. We shall hardly insist upon being called the people of Yankeedom,—Yankees or Yengeese,—merely to maintain our individuality. We must get some better name,—something more musical, more pleasant to ear and imagination, more appropriate to our condition, place and character. What shall this name be? The question is an interesting one,—the object to be attained highly important. The New-York Historical Society has taken it up seriously, and a select committee has submitted a report, which now lies before us. This report is well written and fairly argued. It presents us with nothing new, for the matter has been discussed time out of mind, again and again, and all its points have been made repeatedly. But our committee sum up these points with propriety and force. They say :

"What we want is a sign of our identity. We want utterance for our nationality. We want a watchword more national than that of States, more powerful than that of party. We want the means of proclaiming, by one word, our union into one nation. We desire to see written on the pages of the world's history, one name, in which no other people shall have part or lot, that shall signify to the old world the great republic beyond the ocean; a word that shall represent

the idea of a united and homogeneous people; that shall be associated with our history and progress; that shall rest with our flag, and go with our advancing eagles."

These be good words, and brave ideas. This nationality is a fine theme. Fity that we should spoil it. But how, if Massachusetts breaks away because she is not permitted to supervise the domestic police of South-Carolina, and keep out rough and tumble States, like Texas; and how if South-Carolina breaks away, fully resolved that no more taxes shall be paid here, under the exactions of a selfish and dishonest legislation; and how if Rhode-Island cuts loose from her moorings, when you interfere to prevent her from keeping a State prisoner,—a sort of transaction that so elevates the importance of the Italian principalities. It might be well to adjust these difficulties first, before endowing us with watchword and sign of homogeneousness. But, willing to recognise the propriety, in some degree, of the present inquiry, we pass to the report of our committee. Adopting a suggestion of Washington Irving, they recommend, that instead of the United States of *America*, we should have for title that of the United States of *Alleghania*. Irving writes:

"We have it in our power to furnish ourselves with such a national appellation, from one of the grand and eternal features of our country; from that noble chain of mountains which formed its backbone, and ran through the old confederacy, when it first declared our national independence. I allude to the Apalachian or Alleghany mountains. We might do this without any very inconvenient change in our present titles. We might still use the phrase, 'the United States,' substituting Apalachia, or Alleghania, (I prefer the latter,) in place of America. The title of Apalachian, or Alleghanian, would still announce us Americans, but would specify us as citizens of the Great Republic. Even our old national cypher of U. S. A., might remain unaltered, designating ~~the~~ 'United States of Alleghania.'"

We consent to Apalachia. We protest utterly against Alleghania. We had as lief it should be Alligator. The word is forcible, but harsh,—strong, but unmusical. Where could IRVING'S ears have been, when he preferred it to the eminently musical word, "Apalachia?" Divide the stress between the penultimate and the ante-penultimate, as the Indian would,—thus, *Apa-lalchi-a*,—and nothing can be more euphonious and expressive. There could be no more happy blending of the liquid, vowel and consonant, in any combination of letters in the language.—The report gives no reason why it prefers the one word to the other. Apalachia is equally extensive with Alleghany, in its application to the mountain ridges from which it is proposed to take the appellation. As for the shocking corruption which the committee indicate, of Alleghany into Algania,—how could they think of it. Let them reconsider and amend. Apalachian, by all odds, against your Alleghanian! [*Report, March 31, 1845.*]

#### AMERICAN POLITICS IN FRANCE.

WE owe to M. JOLLIVET, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, the re-publication, in pamphlet form, of certain American documents, in relation to the several subjects, the Annexation of Texas, Abolition, and the policy of Great Britain in all matters which affect this country in regard to these and other kindred topics. The documents chosen to make this publication, are, the admirable national letter to Mr. KING, by Mr. CALHOUN, as Secretary of State; the keen and direct

argument of ex-Governor HAMMOND, on Abolition, in reply to the Rev. THOMAS BROWN, representing the Free Church of Glasgow, and certain extracts from a speech of Mr. CLAY, pronounced in the Senate of the United States. These papers are well translated by M. JOLLIVET. He tells us in his preface, that he deems it his duty to make the publication, as he regards these documents as eminently calculated to open the eyes of his countrymen to the policy of England,—as demonstrating that she labors at emancipation, not because of her philanthropy, but because of her commerce; and employs the question of Texas annexation as a brand of discord, by which she hopes to effect a rupture between the free and slave States, so as finally to produce a dissolution of the Union. France, he says, will not lend herself to the policy of England,—will not forget how greatly she has contributed to set the Americans independent of her dominion,—will not cease to behold in the United States her natural allies, etc.—We are glad of this demonstration, and trust that other publications of like character will follow. The very admirable paper of Judge HARPER, in regard to the morals and politics of slavery, read before the South-Carolina Society for the promotion of Letters,—now, alas! defunct like all the rest,—should be provided for this purpose; and all documents calculated to furnish foreign States with the arguments of the Southern States, in regard to their institutions, should be sent abroad as widely and as rapidly as possible. Common sense is beginning to assert its sway in Europe,—as we see by the involuntary expression recently in the British Parliament,—and it needs only that we should help the progress of the truth, by some moderate exertions in a cause which is so peculiarly our own. [A Paris: Bruneau, 1845.]

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MACKEY'S LEXICON OF FREEMASONRY; containing a Definition of all its Communicable Terms, Notices of its History, Traditions and Antiquities, and an Account of all the Rites and Mysteries of the Ancient World. By ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. D., Knight Templar, Rose & Scott, K—H—, S. G. I. G. of the 33d Deg., Grand Secretary and Grand Lecturer of the Grand Lodge of South-Carolina, etc. 360 pp., 12mo, cloth. Charleston: BURGESS & JAMES. 1845.

It is something singular that, until the present, no Dictionary of Freemasonry has ever been put forth. The one before us is said to be the first. The mystical terms of that communion,—its various agents, symbols, rites and ceremonials,—its peculiar and remote history,—its antiquities and numerous traditions,—to say nothing of the almost universal extension of its ramifications, under one name or another, comprising such large numbers of the human family, in every civilized State and community,—would seem to offer sufficient motives for a compilation like the one before us. This, we are pleased to believe, is a very ample, as it certainly is a very interesting one. We are no masons ourselves, but we can readily conceive why this should be an acceptable present to the order. Indeed, it is difficult to say how such a work could so long have been dispensed with. The researches of Dr. Mackey have been conducted with great acuteness and industry, and he has made all proper sources of history available to his purpose. His work is not a meagre dictionary of terms and phrases,—not a mere collection of heads, scantily followed out by illustration. His subjects are treated knowingly, and with that copiousness which springs from evident intimacy with their histories. Some of his titles are histories themselves, leaving nothing to be desired by the student in the way of information. Nor is this a work of mere

research and industry. The compiler is a man of sense and reflection, who argues for, and can defend, the principles of his craft, with keen and logical adroitness, whenever the topic upon which he writes is suggestive of this necessity. We commend his volume to the public of all denominations. It is neatly got up, by our own publishers, and does not discredit their well-known typographical excellence.

BOUSSINGAULT'S RURAL ECONOMY.

THE subject of Rural Economy, "in its relations with Chemistry, Physic and Meteorology; or Chemistry applied to Agriculture;" which it is the purpose of this book to teach,—is one which, in the present day, is more and more attracting the attention of the practical farmer. It will soon be felt, in our Southern agriculture, to be a study quite as necessary, as it is interesting. We cannot always depend upon the almost spontaneous tributes, by which Nature has crowned us with prosperity, without tasking our own intellects and energies. We must soon turn to art and science for succour, to renovate exhausted lands, and direct us to new sources of profit and enterprise. A volume, like the one before us, emanating from one of the most scientific men of the age, will contribute greatly to the satisfaction of our inquiries, and will be well placed in the hands of every planter and farmer, who seeks to do justice to his patrimony, his children and himself. There are few topics, in agriculture, which our author does not consider, as well in a practical as in a scientific point of view. His subjects are, vegetable physiology; the chemical constitution of vegetable substances; the saccharine fruits and soils; manures; mineral manures or stimulants; rotation of crops; domestic animals; of stock in general; and meteorological considerations. These, with the numerous topics occurring under them, and deserving the consideration of farmer and philosopher, are discussed at length by our author, whose chapters are equally copious and plain, and probably comprise every thing that is known or necessary to the subject. The work is translated from the French. M. BOUSSINGAULT is one of the acknowledged lights of the age in Europe, and should become known to America. [D. APPLETON & Co.

MILITARY MAXIMS OF NAPOLEON.

THIS is a compilation carefully gathered from the writings and conversations of NAPOLEON. Here we have some of the mature fruits of his military thinking,—the principles by which he worked,—the laws which he followed, and so many of which he conceived originally, and has left for laws to other times. These notes are equally brief and comprehensive. They are so expressed, as to embody with the law the reasoning upon which it is founded. Many of these are fruitful of thought and suggestion, and open to the mind long trains of reflection and inquiry. They must do this in the case of every military mind, and should be in the hands of all who entertain the military passion. The professional soldier will find them well worth his study. We are very sure that they would have taught the lessons of infinite service to our generals, as well in the war of 1812 as in revolution, which, while saving them from disgrace and danger, would have saved our poor militiamen from the most miserable exposure and butchery. We have marked, in the copy before us, no less than a dozen of these maxims, which sug-

gest the gross ignorance of our captains in the several wars in which we have been engaged as a people. We find the commentaries of Napoleon sustained by the actual history, in the case of many of our commanders, of whom, it were dealing in terms of moderate censure to say, that they were miserable botches, who should have been cashiered for incompetence. The mode of commencing a campaign,—of a retreat,—of encampments,—of demonstrations,—of a march,—of detachments,—of manœuvres,—of battle,—all these are subjects treated of in the most concise yet forcible manner in this little volume,—in a style such as you would conceive natural and fitting coming from the lips of a great captain. The stern decision of NAPOLEON is here made visible,—his keen and vigilant observation,—the celerity of his thought,—the readiness of his resources,—the vast and comprehensive character of his operations. [WILEY & PUTNAM.

SOUTHERN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Our elder and abler brother, of the Southern Quarterly Review, speaks of us kindly, and it becomes us to requite his courtesies. We do so with pleasure, but must be sparing of our compliments, as our own hand has been but too frequently engaged upon his pages, to leave a free and too general expression of favorable opinion entirely within the scope of good taste and propriety. His work has now been in existence nearly four years, and, in that space of time, it has contained many valuable contributions. He has succeeded in enlisting the pens of many writers, who need only to continue, busily working, to secure a grateful reputation for themselves, and do great honor to the country. To us it matters little in what periodical they write, so that it be a Southern periodical,—so that they contribute to elevate and provoke the domestic genius, until it rises into habitual and resolute performance. Our humble efforts are devoted to this object almost wholly. We look with small hope to the pecuniary or other results to ourselves. We shall realize little, if any thing, by our present venture, which could not be obtained by one-twentieth part the same degree of industry, in any other pursuit,—in any other part of this country. Let our readers take this thing to heart. Let them remember that the experiments now making in behalf of our literature in the South and West, are probably the last attempts that will be made. Every failure throws back the prospect, and discourages the hopes and enterprise of those who, under more favorable auspices, would most certainly succeed. At present, let it be known that, to the Editors of Quarterly and Monthly, the task before them is one of incessant drudgery. The contributors are few,—the compensation doubtful,—the glory none at all. But, the hope is that the contributors may become many,—the readers correspond proportionally with them in number,—and the honor of giving a certain impetus to the thought and the will of the *genus loci*, be such as shall in itself constitute a something in the future, which shall be not wholly unlike fame! We must not forget, in this notice, duly to refer to two excellent contemporaries, striving equally with us in the interesting subject of a Southern and Western Literature. We allude now to the Southern Literary Messenger of Virginia, and the Western Monthly Magazine of Ohio. The latter is a new enterprise, beginning at the same time with our own. It is full of spirit and hope and energy, and we read its pages with increasing interest. The former is a work now some ten years old, with the character and claims of which most readers of the South are familiar. It is a

work of rank and gravity,—contains in every number sufficient proofs of solid sense, good scholarship and a proper taste. It scarcely needs the commendations, which, however, we are well pleased to bestow. For ourselves, we can say nothing. You see us as we are. We resort to no puffery. Our publishers seldom advertise, and our newspapers scarcely notice us. It pleases us somewhat to fancy, that it is thought by all parties that our success is independent of these adventitious aids. We trust that it will prove so. It would certainly be a small matter for the people of the South and West to support all of these publications. One would think, indeed, that, considering our aim and possible usefulness,—what may be made of us, and what we may make of ourselves,—they might take us fairly to their hearts, without greatly sorrowing at the hurt done to their purses. They *should* do so for another reason. We have it from good authority, that one of our Southern publishers, seeking to establish a Northern agency for his publication, was fairly told by the house to which he addressed himself, that the people of the North would not buy Southern periodicals. Doubtless, this determination is due to the fact that our homely domestics are too far inferior to the fine and flashy journals which they get up elsewhere; but our people should know that they will always be inferior, if they are not encouraged. Give them good countenance, encourage them with proper hopes to proper enterprise, and, our life upon it, you will soon create a literature which not only the South and West, but which the whole American world, to go not a step beyond it, “will not willingly let die.” As we have had occasion to say before, let us but yield a day’s faith to the domestic genius, and that day will suffice for triumph. Let us but believe in one another, as we are all willing to believe in ourselves, and we shall take no more loaves of literature from the foreign oven.

DURBIN’S OBSERVATIONS IN EUROPE. HARPER & BROTHERS.

WE may safely commend these volumes, not, indeed, as very profound, very excursive, or entirely free from error; but as sensible, pleasant, and full of useful information. To a certain extent they possess one characteristic, which we have often thought one of the most important to the American reader, and yet one to which our travellers are usually singularly inattentive. They give you some practical glimpses into the absolutely essential steps in the progress of the way-farer from place to place,—details and minutiae, which may to many seem too unimportant,—the cost of this or that passage, in this or that country,—the expense of board and lodging, comparative estimates of the different modes of progress and living, and seasonable suggestions of prudence and economy, to which no traveller should be entirely indifferent, and about which the inexperienced American very naturally desires to know something before he goes abroad. We are of opinion that a very useful and popular book might be made, which should aim at nothing farther than setting the traveller down in London and Paris,—taking him over the Continent, to all places of mark and curiosity,—showing where and how he may lodge in the great cities of Europe,—what routes are preferable,—what the cheapest,—and in all respects playing the part of cicerone to the stranger, wherever he may need one. Such a book would help greatly to put the traveller at his ease in strange places, relieve his awkwardness, and protect him from imposition.

The book of Mr. DURBIN fulfils only a few of these conditions, but this is something. Its merits, however, are of a superior kind. The writer gives us lively pictures of the condition of France and England,—of their arts, society, politics and religion. In relation to the two last subjects, he is more than usually copious. He belongs to the Methodist church, of which he is a divine, and to the members of this persuasion his volumes will, no doubt, appear particularly interesting. He has evidently shown his deep interest in all that concerns the progress of his church in foreign countries. Though strongly opposed to the Catholic religion, he is yet above narrow prejudices, and his tone is that of peace and good will to all men. We are pleased to approve of his views and opinions in political matters. He is a good American, and shows himself very fairly acquainted with the workings of his own and foreign governments. We can forgive him his objections to slavery in the South, uttered, as they are, passingly and not offensively. What he says of French politics will be found interesting, and, we fancy, corresponds with the general views of all American liberals. These volumes are illustrated by several well executed engravings of buildings in France and England, which increase their value; and a plan of the new fortifications by which Paris is to be *protected* and *overcrowded*, adds still more to the interest of all those portions of the text, which describe the existing relations between the *constitutional* monarch LOUIS PHILIPPE, and that great and sleepless party in France, whom he has so sadly disappointed by his rule. We repeat, these are very valuable and pleasant volumes.

THE NECESSITY OF POPULAR ENLIGHTENMENT TO THE HONOR AND WELFARE OF THE STATE.

THIS is the title of an Oration delivered before "the Literary Societies of the South-Carolina College," at their last anniversary, by HENRY L. PINCKNEY, a member of the Clariosophic. Mr. PINCKNEY is one of our best public speakers. His style is clear, manly and direct. His views are equally true and patriotic. He encounters ably the vulgar error, by which our educational institutions would be left to casual support, and justly insists upon the necessity of applying liberally the funds of the State to the maintaining of those schools of morals and education, to which we are to owe the glory and the safety of all that is precious in the State. His opinions, if they lack the force of novelty, have the advantage of being well expressed, and energetically urged upon the consideration of the public, whom we congratulate on the spirit every where manifest in our community, by which our intellectual men declare themselves against the mistaken economy, and false assumptions, of those by whom our educational system is threatened with assault. [I. C. MORGAN'S press.

MARTINEAU'S LETTERS ON MESMERISM.

WE have no design to say one word, *pro* or *con*, on the intrinsic merits of Mesmerism; but these Letters will be read with interest, even by those who are not prepared to believe. Miss MARTINEAU is no fool, but a keen, scrutinizing woman, of rare powers of research and analysis; and this pamphlet, though it may spring from a delusion, is yet so temperately reasoned, so cautiously written, and with such careful avoidance of all matters of offence, that we can scarcely

assume that she was absolutely demented when she wrote it. It is full of suggestions and statements, which deserve to be pondered well and deliberately weighed by the honest and reflecting. [HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEW NOVELS. HARPER & BROTHERS.

I. *Corse de Leon*, by James. The reprint of a story published several years ago. It is one of fair average merit, among the numerous writings of this author.

II. *Agincourt*, by the same. This is, we believe, the latest publication of Mr. JAMES. His rapidity of execution is by no means favorable to his fame; but we are not sure that he risks any thing by this mode of execution. He is not a writer to build much upon the future. He has little or no genius. His talent is purely imitative. He shows all that he has, in the first of his books that you take up; and all that is expected at his hands, is that he will keep the languid reader wakeful, by a clever crowding of events upon him. *Agincourt*, like the last half dozen of Mr. JAMES' stories, commences with a murder, and the greater portion of the two volumes is taken up in shifting the burden of the crime from the shoulders of the innocent to those of the guilty man, who has contrived to make the former bear all the odium. In such cases, the criminal is generally represented as extraordinarily adroit, and the victim as extraordinarily witless and simple. You will read "*Agincourt*" with very nearly the same degree and sort of interest which accompanies the perusal of all this author's writings.

III. *The Maid of Honour*. A translation from the French of Madame DE BAWR. The story is founded upon history, and gives us a tolerably lively description of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It presents us with some historical portraits which are truthful enough, but not remarkable for any liveliness of expression. The story is common-place enough,—might pass very well for a new novel of Mr. JAMES,—and will interest in pretty much the same degree with his.

IV. *Safia; or the Magic of Count Cagliostro*. Another translation from the French of ROGER DE BEAUVOIR. The adventures of that adroit scoundrel, GIUSEPPE BALSAMO, better known as the Count CAGLIOSTRO, afford admirable materials for a story of intrigue, but the author before us is not the man to bring them into the most admirable use. He has given us a very sufficient picture of the career of the arch rogue who is his subject,—and shows us, with due adherence to biography, in what sort of practices this adventurer engaged. His lying, and swindling, and magic, are all made use of; but, in their treatment, there is a lack of that superior skill which the natural excellence of the material would seem to require. ROGER DE BEAUVOIR is a workman of moderate ability,—respectable enough as the times go, and in the absence of any better artists than JAMES and GORE and AINSWORTH,—but we feel disappointed that he should owe so much to the stuff he works in, and so little to himself. The simple narrative of CAGLIOSTRO's own career, stripped of all adjuncts of art, would be much more interesting than the work before us. Still, the story glides on smoothly, and there is enough in its progress to satisfy and interest the simple novel reader, who is not usually very exacting. You need not be original for him, nor profound, and above all, you must beware of any philosophies. None of your speculations. The for-

tunes of Alessandro and Safia, in this volume, are of a touching and painful character, the interest of which would not have been impaired, had they been made less so.

V. *The Wandering Jew*. We have the eighth number of this story, the larger value, if not interest, of which, arises from the author's warfare upon the society of Jesus. M. SUE is as hostile to this society, as he is friendly to the general principles of association. His Fourierism, could it be carried out, would only result in a history like that of the Jesuits. The mere forms, or even laws of a society, are really of but little import in comparison with the fact of the institution. Call it by what name you please, and give it power in a community, apart from the community, and you create and endow a tyranny, which shall be more or less ruthless and despotic, according to the degree of knowledge and capacity for resistance enjoyed by the great body of the people. We frankly confess to a decided dislike to most of your combinations of men, for almost any purpose. Man is only man as long as he is individual.

VI. *Mount Sorel, or the Heiress of the De Veres*. We have here the first part of a new story by the author of the "Two Old Men's Tales,"—a collection which attracted very general remark at the time it was put forth, in regard to the tragic interest and delicate beauty of the stories which it contained. It was succeeded, at a long interval, by "Tales of the Woods and Fields," a work of similar, and perhaps equal merit. "Mount Sorel" is the third publication, of which our American publishers have given us a taste only. The story thus far betrays the same characteristics with those already known to us by the same writer. It promises to be a very melancholy narrative, but a very interesting one. Portions of the story are tedious, and the author's style is sometimes halting and cumbersome. There is a little too much that is declamatory about it, and we protest against the unartistical habit, among so many of our writers of fiction, of setting up certain characters conspicuously, only as so many ninepins, in order that they may be knocked over and thrust aside by others with as little effort as possible. "Edmund Lovel" is just this sort of person. We do not deny that very clever young persons are to be found constantly, whose infirmity of will leads them to frequent overthrow and destruction, but we object that an author should awaken in us so extreme an interest in such persons,—an interest that must only result in their mortification and our own. The proper moral of fiction requires that our interest should be awakened in behalf of "character,"—be this good or bad, it matters not much; but we require that the hero should not be a milksop,—a thing of straw,—the creature of other men's impulses, or the capricious victim of his own. It was one of BYRON's secrets of success, that there was still such intense *will* in all his heroes, even though that will was evil. It was a qualification to WALTER SCOTT's successes, that so many of his heroes, his Waverleys, and Roland Grames, and Quentin Durwards, were too apt to be moved about, to and fro, by the will and the whim of others.

VII. *The Regent's Daughter*. A translation from the French of DUMAS, in which the hero is another of that cabbage tribe upon whom the clever man exercises with the scymitar.—M. le Chevalier Gaston de Chanlay, is a young nobleman from one of the provinces, who is chosen to represent a band of conspirators in Paris, without the most solitary requisite for the employment. He is bamboozled in an instant by the minister of police, robbed of his secrets, led into fatal snares, and all without once suspecting that he blunders, and without the show

of the smallest tact or talent, from first to last of his progress. The interest of the story is considerable, but he contributes to it only as a victim, and very properly loses his head, purely by mistake, having very naturally, and very consistently, at least, with all that is heretofore known about him, put his head on the block in the moment of decapitation, when a very different customer was booked for the place. And the worst thing of all is, that, for such a stock, block, bull-headed sort of fellow like this, a very admirable damsel is made the sacrifice, dying of a broken heart. The story is a sad one.

VIII. *Look to the End, or the Bennets Abroad*, by Mrs. ELLIS. Like all the writings of Mrs. ELLIS, sensible, interesting, and suggestive of good household morals and economy. There is an endeavour at something more ambitious in the philosophies of our author, touching the love of the beautiful; but she fails to show, in her heroine, that intensity of enthusiasm for the works and objects of art, which she yet insists upon as in her possession. Eva Bennet is of temperament eager and warm enough, but not more so than most damsels of her age and condition. To have realized justly the promise of such a character, our author should have made her another Corinne; but for this the requisite degree of imagination was wanting. If Eva is no Corinne, she is nevertheless a very good and clever girl, who will doubtless make her husband as happy as he need be.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST. APPLETON & Co. 1845.

THIS very neat little volume embodies a graceful and touching series of meditations, happily arranged, "on the Death and Passion of our blessed Lord and Saviour," edited by the Rev. Dr. HOOK, Vicar of Leeds. These meditations are partly selected and partly original. The selections are made from well-known and highly esteemed writers of the church,—Bishop HALL, Bishop WILSON, HOOKER, JEREMY TAYLOR, THOMAS A. KEMPIS, BARROW, ST. AUGUSTINE, ST. ANSELM, SUTTON, MILMAN, NEWMAN, KEBLE, and many others. They carry us, step by step, through the several stages,—humbling, agonizing, and, at last, triumphant,—from the Garden of Gethsemane to the Cross on Calvary,—and thence to the tomb,—in a series of appropriate scenes and meditations, which are at once grateful, impressive and encouraging; and which, appealing to the sensibilities, furnish proper lessons of love and duty to the creature of sentiment and reflection.

CHILDE HAROLD ILLUSTRATED. HARPER & BROTHERS. 1845.

THE great poem of Lord BYRON illustrated with no less than sixty engravings. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this edition. The illustrations are equally splendid and appropriate, and what with paper, letter-press, and general execution, the volume is unique as a performance of art. The poetry of BYRON, rich, glowing, vehement and passionate as it is, seems to derive additional force and beauty from the exquisite costume which our publishers have given it.